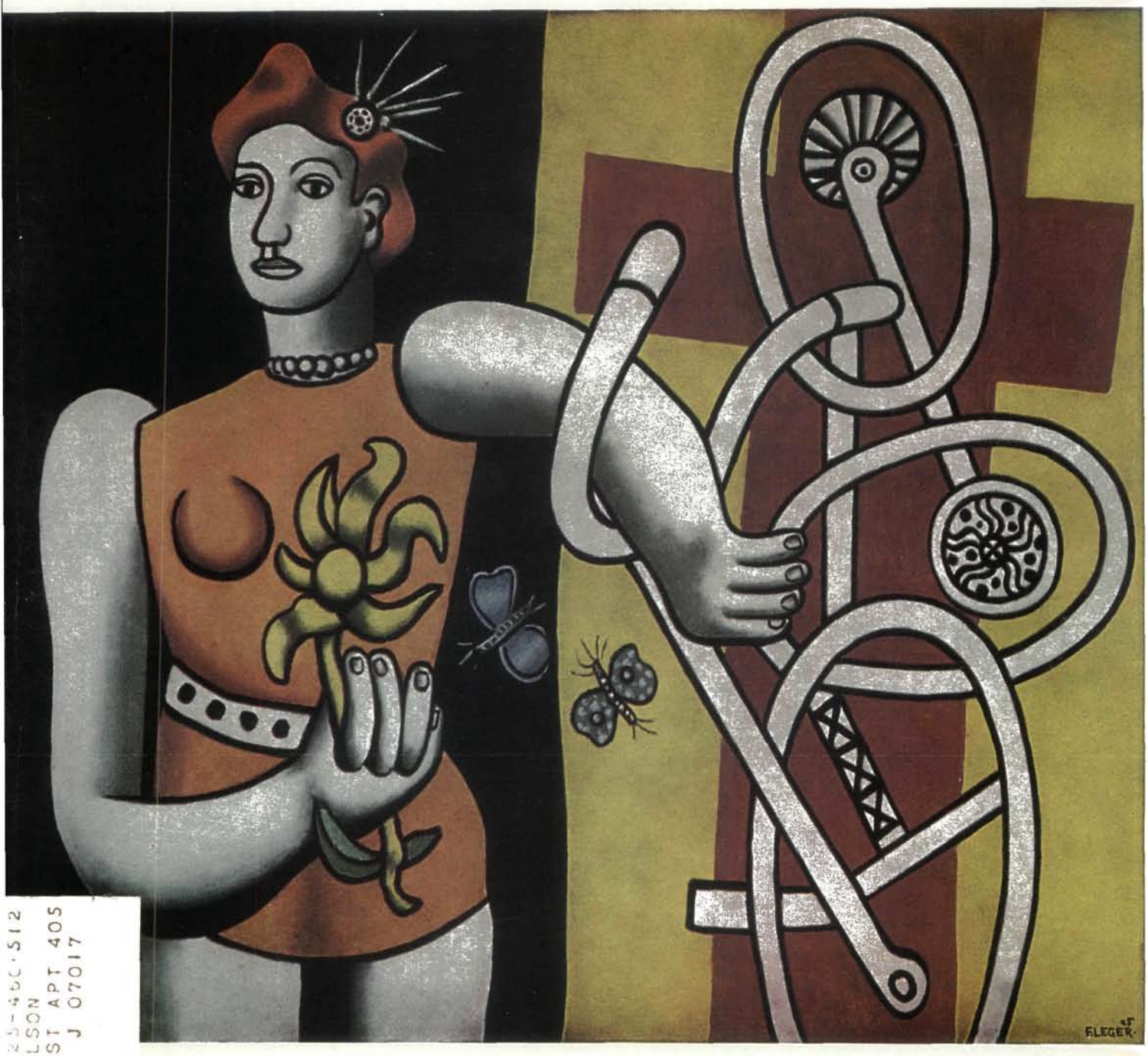
Saturday Review

March 27, 1965 25¢



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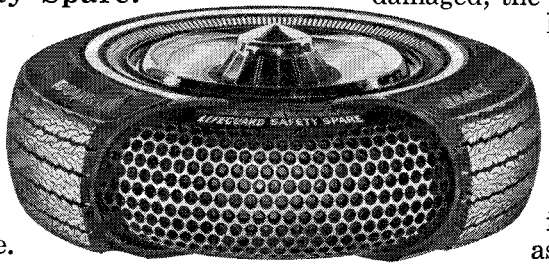

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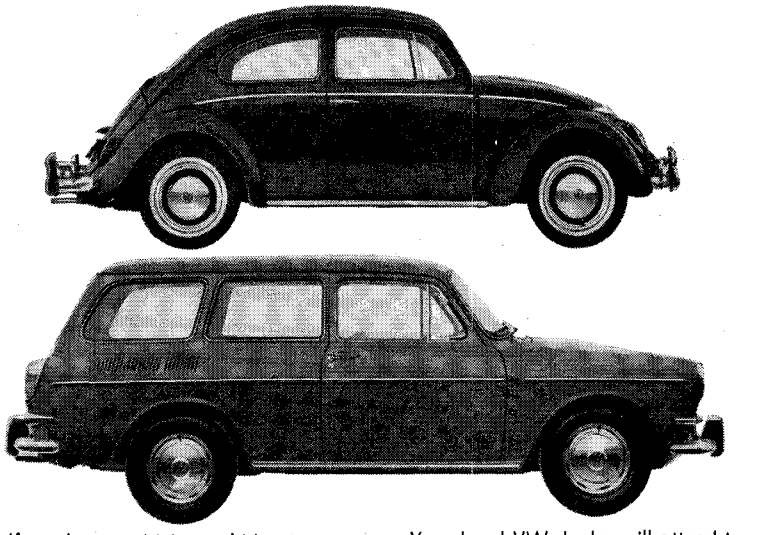

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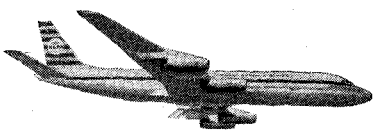
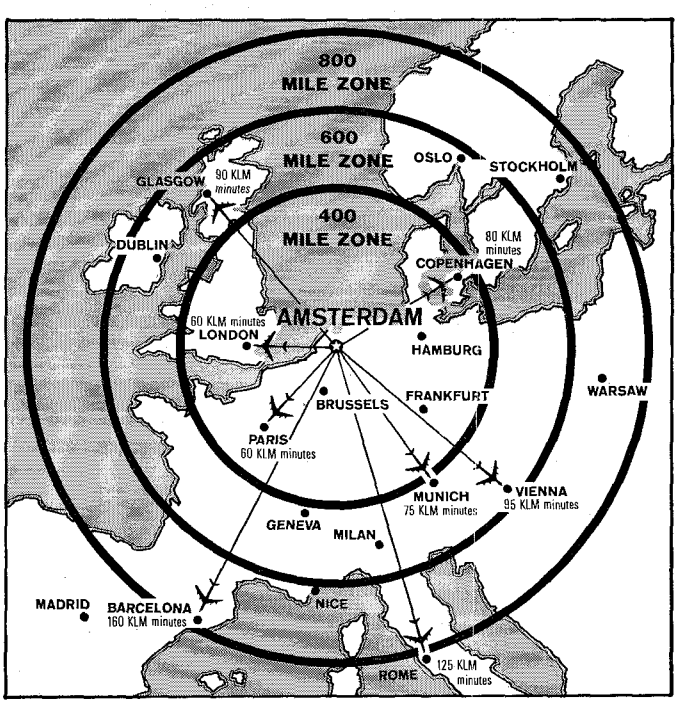
A skylarker's guide to the hijinks and hideaways of Surprising Amsterdam



Here—from reliable KLM—are a few of Amsterdam's *liveliest* surprises. Included: tasting houses, treasure troves, ecdysiasts. For *more* tips on what to see and do in the city of 22 surprises, clip coupon.



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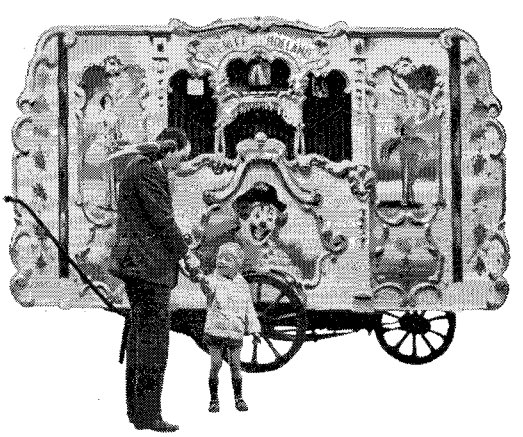
Try Rijsttafel—an incredible feast. This dinner includes 21 *different* dishes. Cost *for two:* $3 at "Azie" restaurant. Many travelers say the food is Amsterdam's most surprising surprise.



Ask for a Verdi tune. You'll spot more of these barrel organs in Amsterdam than in any European city. Another surprising sight: Dutch housewives doing their shopping—*on bicycles.*

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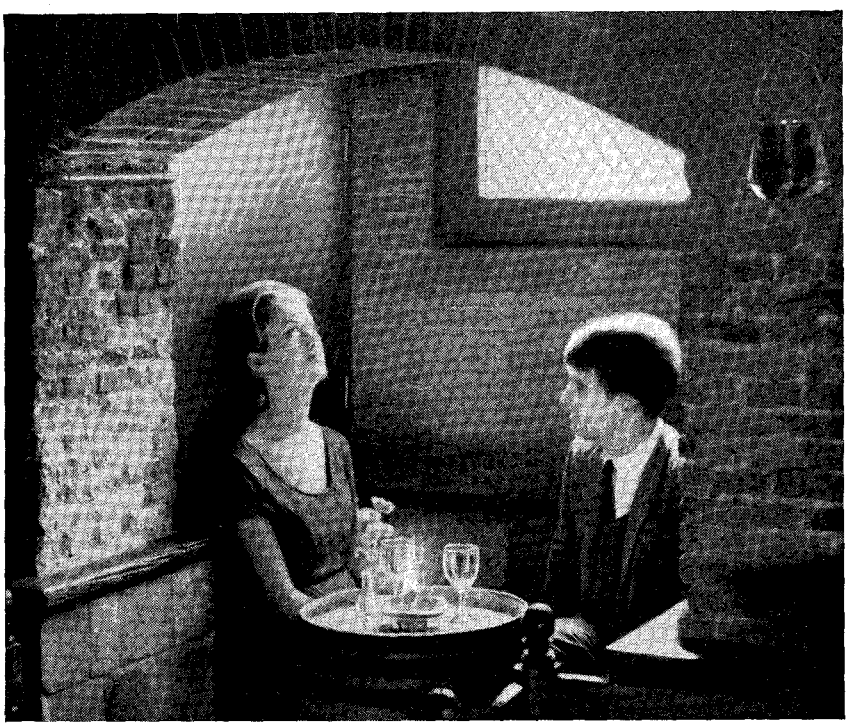
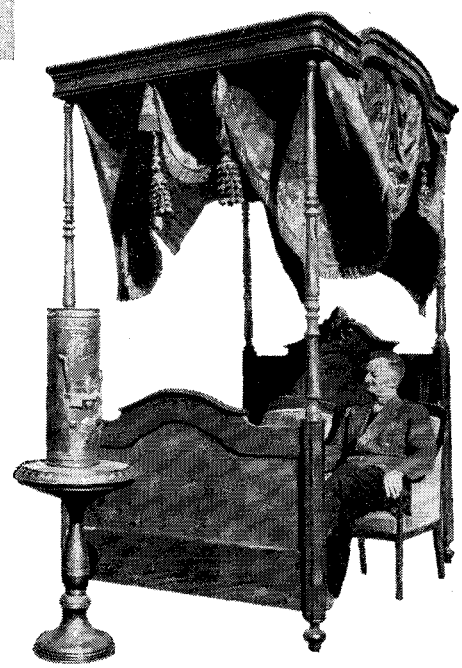
Try a fresh herring from a pushcart. Eat it *raw*, the way the Dutch do. Dip your herring in chopped onion, hold it by the tail and chomp away. Cost of this adventure? Twelve cents.

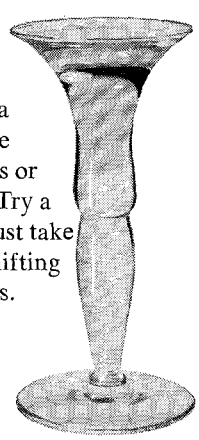
Have a rollicking "night on the town" in Amsterdam's nightclubs. You can frolic all night for less than $5. There's usually no minimum, no cover charge. A glass of jenever gin costs about 30 cents. And the entertainment (see ecdysiast at left) is something to write home about.



Dine by candlelight in romantic hideaways. At "Le Bon Mariage" (above), sample Holland's famous cheeses, with wine, for 85 cents. At "Vijff Vlieghen" (Five Flies) the food is old Dutch. So is the building—1627 A.D.



Go treasure hunting in the Flea Market. On the pavements at Waterlooplein, you'll find everything from antiques (above)—to saucepans. Surprising "finds" turn up often—and they sell for a song.



Sip a lively liqueur at a tasting house. Visit the Bols Taverne, Hoppe's or Wynand Fockinck's. Try a *Half-en-Half*. You must take your first sip *without* lifting this oddly shaped glass. Surprisingly difficult.

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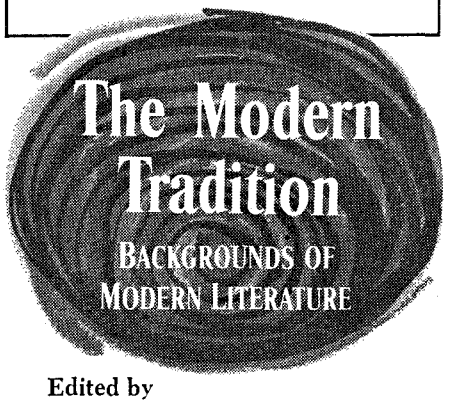

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Lament for the Death of Radio

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& WSIP THE WHOP:
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KLAC KLAC & KYA
O KOMA KLAY,
WHOM WINS A WOR
WIPS KOH A WHAY!
—ALAN DUGAN.

Thataway

IN THE best tradition of motoring in the United States, the driver who is not certain of his way as he goes along a strange country road stops to ask a farmer for directions. (It is astonishing how many farmers conveniently place themselves at the side of the road to help puzzled drivers.)

The farmer doesn't reply at once. Before uttering a word he removes his hat and wipes the sweatband, looks at the sky, and replaces his hat. Only then does he speak. In the comic tradition, which is false even when it is applied to New England farmers, the reply is too complex to be understood easily and must be repeated.

Actually, the only truth in this tradition is that the farmer does remove his hat, wipe the sweatband, and study the sky. (Some people believe he scratches his head but I have never seen a farmer do this and I find it hard to accept it as a general rule, though I understand cowboys, grocers, tailors, and rural constables scratch their heads whenever someone asks a question.)

There is a theory that the farmer, in removing his hat, is subconsciously following a custom established centuries ago when farmers were far down in the social scale and were forever doffing their caps and tugging at their forelocks. I don't believe this. The farmer simply wishes to appear friendly and rightly assumes, I think, that a direct answer, offered without hesitation, might be construed as impolite or, at worst, as insincere and likely to rouse suspicion. He has therefore developed a bucolic ritual that has its urban counterpart, with one main difference: Whereas the farmer is imitative and adheres to convention, the city man varies the ritual to suit himself.

The basic element here is prudence, and I have seen it practiced in the city by men who in other ways are forthright. As an experiment, I now and then accost a policeman and ask him which way is uptown. I have never received a prompt answer even from a cop I once talked to at the Battery. The cop invariably looks around first, delaying his reply for the barest fraction of a minute before pointing and saying: "That's uptown." Once or twice a cop, after another pause, has added generously: "And that's downtown," quickly pointing in the other direction.

I am patient enough to go along with the farmer's way and I can understand and appreciate the policeman's reserve, but I think hesitation is frequently carried too far. I know a man, for example, who, on being asked his opinion of a book, a restaurant, an airline, or the weather, always looks at his watch before he answers. If anyone asks him the better road to Sharon, Connecticut, the Taconic or Route 22, he glances at his watch, sometimes holds it to his ear and listens, and only then answers.

This man is not exceptional. He is cautious. He has found a use for the watch beyond the one for which it was made. The watch serves as a shield to protect him against questions that should not be answered in an offhand manner. If you should inquire, as I have, if he has ever been to Dubrovnik, Yugoslavia, or Nogales, Mexico, or Iceland; or should you ask him about his new car, his Labrador retriever, the altitude of Mt. McKinley, or why he doesn't wear a hat in blizzards—no matter what the question he consults his watch. Ask the date of Lincoln's Birthday or a football score or the capital of Rhode Island and the hand rises, the eyes seek the watch dial before an answer is forthcoming.

This can become irritating, I know, though no more so than the practice of removing the glasses before answering a question. Men who wear horn-rimmed glasses seem to acquire a solemn, deliberative air the day they are fitted. I know men who cannot answer a simple question such as "Did you go to the opening last night?" without first taking off their glasses. Whether the answer is yes or no the glasses must be removed.

The glasses thus take on an importance for which they clearly were not designed and precious time is lost waiting for answers to simple questions. The glasses encourage men to evolve new patterns of gestures. Put a question to a man and he slips his glasses onto his

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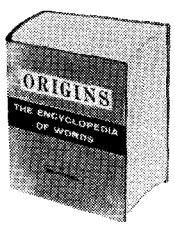

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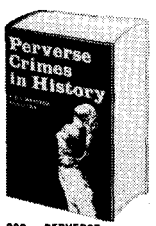

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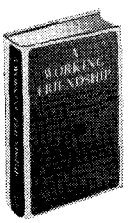

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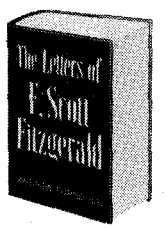

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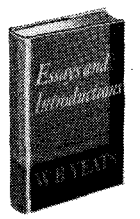

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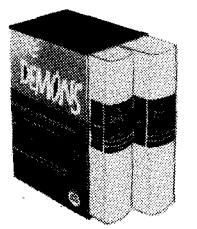

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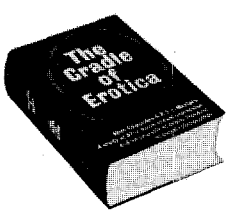

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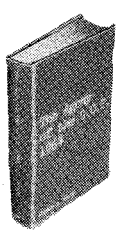

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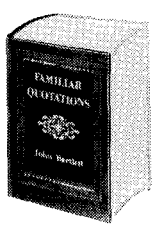

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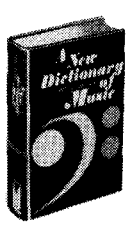

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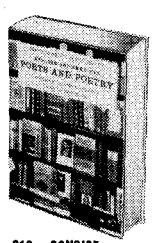

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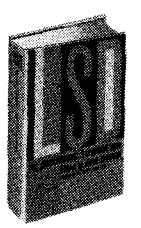

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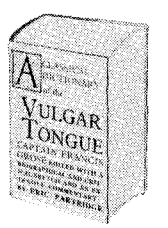

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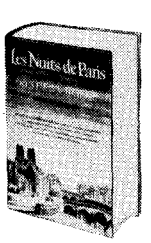

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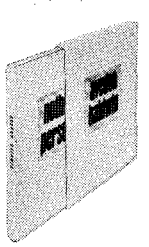

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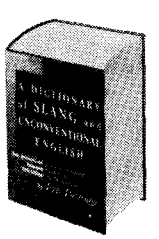

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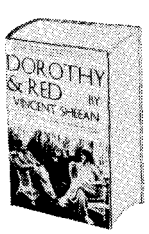

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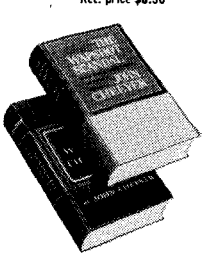

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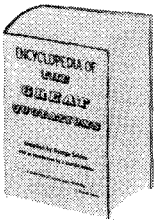

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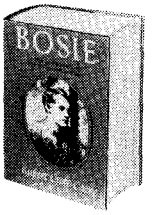

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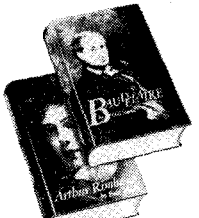

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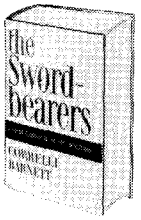

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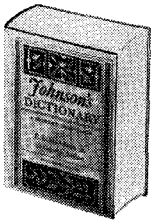

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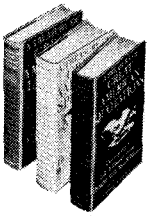

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nose, then removes them to answer. If he smokes a pipe he may remove the glasses, wipe his eyes, fill his pipe, light it, put the glasses on, and even try to appear as if he's thinking before he takes the glasses off and after some preliminary waving of the hand or stabbing motion answers, "Yes."

The farmer's way is a lot more to my liking, especially as I feel it is more important to get right directions than to know if somebody's been to Dubrovnik.

—JOHN FERRIS.

Double or Nothing

IF YOU are unmarried because you prefer that sort of thing, it isn't likely you spent a winter vacation in Miami. Consequently you had to miss lolling on spotless white sand under a frying sun. You had to forego sailing on a smelly fishing smack, upsetting your stomach while sun-bleaching your cowlick. You missed making new friends of odd characters on patios that surround salt-water pools. And all because you are not in position to take advantage of the sneakily advertised *two-in-a-room* business.

The hotels of Miami and other such crowded playgrounds will gladly furnish alluring literature. If you go late in the season, all of the above pleasures can be yours at a fairly reasonable price. That is what the brochures seem to offer, but only at first glance. You begin to dream, then you adjust your bifocals to read the inconspicuous little footnote that has been set in excelsior type. It always says: "Double occupancy."

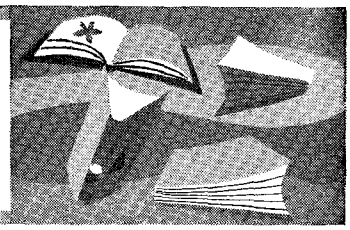
A single person, male or female, is a suspicious character who can rarely find reasonable accommodations in a resort hotel. If he or she insists on normal bedroom isolation, he or she is expected to pay bed and board, American plan, for an imaginary pal. Those who live alone and like it up North are not permitted to be so luxuriously indulgent down South. The situation can be especially bad on the nights an unwanted roommate is wrestling with post-sunburn itch.

In case a single man feels he *must* spend a couple of weeks under tropical skies, the condition tempts him to wonder about paying the double tab and taking someone along. There is no doubt a companionable acquaintance who would grab at the chance—but let's not indulge in such thinking. Decency may be old hat, but it is still a virtue. Even in places like Miami.

Miami's come-on advertisements tell you the town has everything, but don't accept this statement until you have read the small print. What the town lacks is bedroom privacy for a single person who shudders at the thought of bundling.

—WILLIAM W. PRATT.

Trade Winds



Theodore Roethke wrote of many things in his posthumously published book of poetry, *The Far Field*, winner of this year's National Book Award. Among the lines he wrote were these:

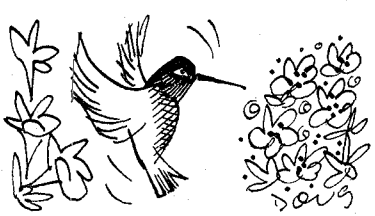
The hummingbird, whirring from
quince-blossom to morning glory—
With these I would be.
And with water: the waves coming
forward, without cessation....

My eyes extend beyond the farthest
bloom of the waves;
I lose and find myself in the long
water....

I sway outside myself
Into the darkening currents....

As if I swayed out on the wildest
wave alive,
And yet was still.
And I rejoiced in being what I was.

These are from many different poems in Ted Roethke's last volume. They express the beauty, the discipline, the



imagery of a major American poet who was restless and wise and always seeking. They express his preoccupation with the love of nature, and with the ripples of many waters.

And he wrote as a prophet. For in August of 1963, Ted Roethke dived into a swimming pool. The water he loved so much closed quietly around him. He never came to the surface alive. He did not drown; his heart simply stopped beating.

Nearly thirty years ago I sat in a classroom at Lafayette College as Ted Roethke urged, wheedled, snapped, and groaned at our class in creative writing. His huge, hulking body dwarfed the tiny desk at the front of the room in Old South College, as the building was called. It seemed as if he despaired of ever finding a spark to disturb our imaginations, and probably rightfully so. He would sing the praises of Louise Bogan, W. H. Auden, Stephen Spender, Malcolm Cowley, and other poets of the day, never hinting that he would rank among them or even above some of them. He would wince at the mention of Edna St. Vincent Millay, whom he considered gutless and specious.

More often than not, he would be carrying a massive hangover into class with him, which he seemed to try to wipe from his face and forehead with his hands. He would often drop by the Deke house, a fraternity not exactly known for its reticence in drinking, to join us in a long bout of libations, and he would outlast the most yeasty of the quaffers. He had great admiration for a good drinker.

But Ted Roethke, winner of almost every conceivable poetry award offered in this country, could live in no other way. His huge body belied his deep inner sensitivity. He boiled over with life, with energy, with a happy cynicism and an oddly gregarious detachment. He would work out his hangovers on the tennis court with fierceness and enthusiasm, leaving perfectly conditioned athletes slumped and panting.

When he learned that a young poet named Stanley Kunitz lived a few score miles down the Delaware River from Lafayette, he drove down the precarious river road in an old jalopy to see him, and it was the beginning of a friendship that was to last the rest of his life.

It was Kunitz, later a Pulitzer Prize-winner himself, who accepted the National Book Award for Ted Roethke this year. "Ted's drinking," says Kunitz,

"was partly a search for the full expansion of his intuitive life—along with his search for oblivion. All the poems of his last period were concerned with death—and, prophetically, death in the water.

"As a poet, he was a bardic poet, of the Whitman tradition. There have been very few good ones since Whitman; Ted is one of them. Toward the end, Ted was interested in Eastern religions and mystical writers: Eckhardt and Böhme

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Would Erasmus be Marooned in Montreal?

We had planned to publish *The Colloquies of Erasmus* some time in March. The book, printed abroad, was on its way to Chicago via Montreal. Then came rumors that customs and weather might delay it.

THE PLEASURE OF WORKING with such books, however, is that we do not *have* to meet a deadline. We do not have to rush to catch the passing fancy or tie in with current events. Erasmus won't cool —or grow stale.

THE COLLOQUIES PRESENT a masterly picture of 16th-century life and of human nature in any age. *The Funeral* might well be "The Erasmian Way of Death" with grasping priests the target instead of undertakers. *The Cheating Horse-Dealer* may be found in many used-car lots. *The Art of Learning* reports a book which promises "a certain method that enables a fellow to learn all the liberal arts" within fourteen days.

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among them. He read Blake intensely. He had all the power and strength and blunt truths of the great modern poet, but beyond that he was schooled in discipline, classic discipline. And the formal poets were as dear to him as any of the *avant-garde* ones. Of the poets who influenced him most, I'd say Yeats was at the top of the list."

Editor Ken McCormick, who fostered the collections of Ted Roethke's poems with a sensitive and creative hand, recalls his visits to New York nostalgically.

"Ted was twice human size in everything he did," he says. "When he arrived in town, nobody slept for two or three days. He swept everybody along in his enthusiasm. He had great, big, wonderful power. In his manic periods, he would be full of wild plans for books; in his depressive periods, he struggled constantly with financial trouble, which seemed to plague him continuously. Just when things would be looking really black, an award of $500 or $1,000 would miraculously come along to save him.

"Working with him as an editor was rewarding. He knew he was a great poet, but he was never tiresome about it. He was so good that he was never jealous of any other poet's success. And everything he wrote could be understood—on many levels. He moved on many levels himself, with enormous warmth and great tender beauty."

The award this year for *The Far Field* was selected by the jury because it was a major, permanent contribution to literature. When the award was given, the jury quoted some of Ted Roethke's last lines, both simple and fitting:

Things without hands take hands:
there is no choice—
Eternity's not easily come by.
When opposites come suddenly in
place,
I teach my eyes to hear, my ears to
see
How body from spirit slowly does
unwind
Until we are pure spirit at the end.

—JOHN G. FULLER.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S

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PAUL BROOKS:

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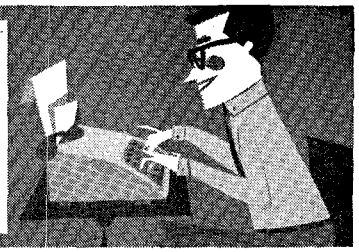
Top of My Head



Apostrophobia

I HOPE the State Department hasn't been getting as many letters suggesting how we can withdraw our troops "gracefully" from Saigon as I've been getting about the misuse of the apostrophe. (Marching them out to "Seventy-Six Trombones" makes for a graceful exit and is always a sure applause-getter—if that's what they're looking for).

So this is the final look here at what's been happening to the apostrophe.

From Miss Harriett L. Frankel, New Jersey: "A drive-in restaurant in Arkansas has a variety of beefburger which the menu proclaims to be 'A meal in It's Self.'"

From Virgil J. Vogel, Chicago, a newspaper advertisement which promises the reader: "You can take better photo's."

From Elbridge Colby (lost address): "I can relate an extended campaign last spring with a government agency on the subject of the apostrophe. Since the beginning of the federalizing period in the 1890s the Board on Geographic Names has invaded independent New England and made maps which read 'Marthas Vineyard,' violating both history and grammar. On the New York side of Lake Champlain it has established 'Rouses Point' out of 'Rouse's Point,' where farmer Rouse first built his home. Also it changed 'Thompson's Point' into 'Thompson Point' until a protest caused the board to retreat to the still more erroneous 'Thompsons Point.' The bureaucrats will not argue their grammar-by-government but just autocratically announce: 'Apostrophes are not acceptable within the body of a geographic name.'"

From Elizabeth F. Cooley, New York City: "In the Federal Court House in Foley Square, New York, there appears on an appropriate door the permanent sign 'Women Juror's.'"

From Leonard Gregory, Pasadena, California: "About fifty years ago the A. L. Burt Company issued a book of poetry with the title 'Keat's Poems.'"

From Mrs. Carl L. Miller, Winslow, Illinois: "As an English teacher I was torn between amazement and sorrow when we received this aknowledgement of a donation." And Mrs. Miller encloses a beautiful green-bordered diploma type of acknowledgement on which is handsomely printed: "Freeport Community College Foundation expresses it's sincere gratitude to Mr. and Mrs. Carl Miller for the generous gift toward Acres for Education, the very foundation on which our college will grow."

From Mrs. Mona Boyle, Houston, Texas: "Re Professor Michaelsons lament on the vanishing apostrophe in freshman themes, please tell him that all of the lost 19,200 apos. have turned up. For the last ten year's they have been arriving in my fifth-graders' original sentence's, paragraph's and poem's."

From Gunnar Horn, head of the English Department of Benson High School, Omaha, Nebraska: "The apostrophe as a symbol of possession is indeed vanishing from the English language and good riddance!"

"George Bernard Shaw deliberately omitted the apostrophe from his writing, and Professor Michaelsons theme correcting would certainly be simplified if he assumed that his students were merely following in Shaws footsteps."

And finally from Sylvania M. Bothe, Rock Hall, Maryland: "In support of your war against the abused apostrophe I enclose some doggerel that turned up in my files. It's doubtful anything can be done in this world of 'Bottle's Deposited Here' but we keep trying:

APOSTROPHE TO AN APOSTROPHE

Now has the happy suburbite
Put his demesne in order,
With pelicans or geese in flight
By neat herbaceous border;

The velvet lawn clipt close and fine,
The vegetables in ordered line,
Proudly display to friend and neighbor
This gem, the fruit of all his labor.

He hangs a sign to speak his name,
While Grammar droops her head in shame,
And whispers in the scholar's ear
"The Dingleberry's Live Here."

And so that takes care of the apostrophe. It's had its day in the sun and it's time we let go its curly little lock and sent it quietly on its way with the hope it will drop in any time it's needed and, when it's not, keep its distance.

—GOODMAN ACE.

"I can't today, Mildred. Avon's calling."

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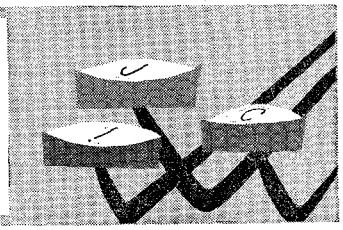
Manner of Speaking



Mass Miseducation: The student uprising at Berkeley seems to have passed at least its first pitch of intensity, but the campus clearly remains aware of contested issues, and there can be no doubt that faculty, administration, and students—whatever the individual casualties and inconveniences—are the better for their continuing confrontation.

A great university is always a cumbersome administrative rite at whose mechanical altar the IBM machines hum and the punchcards click and flutter. In the vestry rooms behind that altar, committees meet and ponder their instructions from and to the machines. There is no need to doubt the sincerity and the qualifications of the committee members, but it will not do to ignore the influence of their environment. The walls are thin where they meet and the hum, click, and flutter of the electronic machines is a perpetual presence. Like the tiny but persistent clatter of prayer wheels, the sound runs on forever to remind the hearer that the shrine is dedicated to the millionage of merit, the individual prayer-click being as nothing within the overhum of the All. It is easy, therefore, for those men to think in terms of mass output and to arrive at principles and regulations that might govern a vast traffic of units, rather than at policies that emphasize the unit itself.

But a great university must also be the echoing vault and resonator of the individual. At whatever cost in hum-click efficiency, the student must be allowed his personal contact with his chosen disciplines, and within those disciplines he must be granted expression, some degree of intimate contact with his mentors, and the right to commit himself to his view of world problems. An extraordinary mind may survive machine education, but the average output of the machine will not be good enough to justify the expediencies of mass administration.

The issue at Berkeley is complex but its core is the student's demand that he be received into education as an individual, and that his reasonable right to think about world issues and to act upon them as an individual be recognized. Because that demand is inseparable from the ideal function of any free university, there can be no doubt that the university will hear and heed. The students have reminded Berkeley that it has not yet learned to be what it must become, and in time Berkeley will be grateful for that reminder.

But if Berkeley brought the problem into the headlines, it did not bring it into being. Our great university centers have taken to mass education in about the way the officers' clubs of pre-World War II took to the arrival of the draftees. In camp, the yardbirds were assembled and told they were in the army. They were then sent to the supply sergeant, assigned to barracks, and turned over to drill sergeants. On campus, the freshman are exhorted by the president (if he happens to be on campus) or a dean. They are given room assignments, sent to the bookstore for supplies, and then turned over to teaching fellows. The teaching fellows, needless to say, are busy and they didn't really want to be teaching undergraduates in the first place. They have enough to do in meeting their doctoral requirements and if it is a choice between satisfying a full professor's curiosity or a freshman's, the freshman will just have to wait. The chances are that the freshman will still be waiting by the time he has become a senior. There is a better than fair chance that he will complete his four years on campus without having spent as much as four hours in direct conversation with the tenure faculty.

Like the teaching fellows, of course, the professors are busy. When a university goes from 10,000 to 30,000 students the committee work goes up by some more than arithmetical progression, and those committee meetings must be gone to. More urgently, the faculty member has his research projects to get on with. No one, you may be sure, ever made a scholarly reputation by sitting around to talk things over with confused undergraduates. The only real pay-off is in bibliography. So the professor takes to his cubicle in the library stacks and if the student manages to track it down he finds the sign on the door that announces:

THIS IS NOT AN OFFICE

And if the student then hunts down the professor's office he finds a sign announcing:

OFFICE HOURS: MON. 2:00-3:00
AND BY APPOINTMENT

And on Monday it turns out that 2:00-3:00 is the hour just before the professor's seminar in Lesser Romantics, that he is busy shuffling his notes, and that he is leaving after the seminar for a lecture at the University of Hawaii.

This case history may border on caricature but at no point does it actually violate the frontier. Not only have many university faculties become primarily graduate faculties in a concerted withdrawal from undergraduate teaching, but they have bred into the brightest of their new Ph.D.s a contempt for teaching. A man who just squeaks through the doctoral requirement may have to drift off to Hoopoe State College. Hoopoe, to be sure, is bidding in a seller's market and has to go to $14,000 and an associate professorship to get any sort of authentic eighteenth-century man from the main factory. And his grindmates will nod to him when they meet at the annual convention and slave auction (at which nothing but teaching fellows and assistant professors really come up for bidding). But the fact is quietly registered that the man is a dropout from glory. He has lost status.

Nor is the true measure of status to be found in the age and dignity of the college to which a man is summoned. A Columbia appointment, to be sure, would have been one up on Hoopoe. But the true measure of status has become freedom from teaching. The graduate-club dream now begins at $18,000 a year on an appointment as research professor with the understanding that no true scholar can be expected to teach more than one graduate seminar every other semester.

NOR does it matter that this dream is not for every man to waken to. Let a man establish a reputation as a hot bibliography and the dream is within reach. Large numbers of bright young men have picked off just such appointments, and the existence of those appointments has registered on the academic factories that turn out maximum-prestige doctorates. A man may still be forced out into the world, and there he may be forced to teach a full schedule, but his regular presence in the classroom is the proof of his professional failure. The really good ones, he knows, are not required to be there.

So mass education drifts higher and higher, perhaps even to the point of anoxia. And so it is that if the Berkeley students have forced their administration to squint down the educational log and to wonder whatever happened to Mark Hopkins, they will have performed a service to all education in America. What has to be achieved is a teacher-student relationship and that relationship cannot begin to develop until our graduate centers take on the responsibility of turning out teachers—go-to-class, hang-around, talk-to-students teachers.

—JOHN CIARDI.

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Saturday Review
March 27, 1965

Perils and Paradoxes of Writing Biography

From a trail of paper, sown with gaps and contradictions, a biographer seeks to convey the sense of a life being lived

By PAUL MURRAY KENDALL

OUR BEST biographies present men of high action or men of letters. It is not hard to see why. The events in such men's lives—counting books, of course, as events—work like giant screens on which may be viewed the motions of personality. The cannons at Marengo hammer out, for that moment, Napoleon's character, as *Utopia*, more delicately, traces the psychic lineaments of Thomas More.

The greatest biography in the world unfolds the life of a man of letters; and literary figures have, in general, probably enjoyed a disproportionate amount of attention. For one thing, biographers, being writers of a kind, are attracted to writers, partly, no doubt, in order to seek their own features in a kindred face. Furthermore, men of letters are schooled, by temperament and talent, to examine themselves rather more assiduously than other beings do, and thus offer the biographer eloquent source material.

On the other hand, the biographer of a man of letters runs special risks: the dangers lurking in the subject's words. There have probably been composed more disappointing lives of literary men than of any other kind of human being. In some cases, the works have been cavalierly ignored or scanted; in others, they are too recklessly or crudely plundered as biographical evidences; in still others, they are mechanically shunted to one side and dealt with separately, as though the life and the "letters" did not penetrate each other.

Moreover, a poem-event is, paradoxically, more difficult to translate into biographical terms than an action-event. Whereas the poem is tantalizingly close to the heart of self, it may well turn out to be a subtle concealment or a deliberately stylized projection or a privately visioned myth of that personality.

Whatever paper trail the biographer treads, he shares the trials of other men of letters. The obvious difference between biography and poetry-novel-drama is, if enormous, not quite so enormous as appears. It will not do simply to say that biography is made out of fact (whatever that is) and fiction is made out of fancy (whatever *that* is). The writer of fiction, out of the mating of his own experience and his imagination, creates a world to which he attempts to give the illusion of reality. The biographer, out of the mating of an extrinsic experience, imperfectly recorded, and his imagination, recreates a world to which he attempts to give something of the reality of illusion. We demand that a novel, however romantic or "experimental," be in some way true to life, we demand of biography that it be true to *a* life. Both phrases signify not "factual" but "authentic"—and authenticity lies not only in what we are given but in what we are persuaded to accept.

The biographer often finds himself in the grip of an extrarational, even compulsive choice, not unlike that which descends on the novelist or poet. The biographer's subject, it might be said, is a man whom he would have longed to create if he had not existed. Like the novelist, he must be continually asking questions about his materials and suspecting the form into which they too quickly fall—hoping for the patience to reject easy devices and plausible solutions and brilliant breakthroughs, so that he may trap those shy, belated birds, the best answers. The failed biography and the failed novel frequently suffer from an identical ill: the authors have taken their materials for granted.

In his questioning, the biographer, cherishing the obligations of science and the hopes of art, teeters on a precarious perch. There are times when he must resist the enticements of art in order to be true to biographical art, must build with stone instead of rainbow. There are times when the biographer must query apparent facts, "scientific" evidence, in order to be true to biographical science; must build with rainbow instead of stone. Facts that mock his vision of character may turn out not to be facts or to be facts that do not say what they seem to say.

I shall offer a brief illustration drawn from my biography of that fifteenth-century political adventurer, Warwick the Kingmaker, in which an apparently documented fact collided head-on with my conception of Warwick himself and of his friend Louis XI of France, the famous "spider King." English accounts state that Warwick was paid for two journeys to the Continent in the summer of 1464. However, though he and Louis XI had indeed arranged a rendezvous for that summer, there is no record, or even the faintest suggestion, that the two met; and Louis's movements at this time were closely reported by the Burgundian historian Chastellain and by a Milanese ambassador who was a confidant of the king. Historians therefore assumed that Warwick had hidden him-

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Paul Murray Kendall is the author of *The Yorkist Age*, *Richard the Third*, and *Warwick the Kingmaker*. This article is adapted from his latest book, *The Art of Biography*, published this month by Norton.

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self at Calais, perhaps at the bidding of his sovereign Edward IV, who had no love for Louis.

This assumption, in my view, was false alike to the character of Warwick, who regarded himself as the mentor rather than the minister of King Edward, and to the character of King Louis, who was far too nervously voluble to have concealed an interview with the man of all men he longed to ensnare in his web and far too well informed to remain in ignorance of Warwick's presence at Calais. The truth of fact simply did not square with psychological truth, as I saw it. Since I could neither accept nor ignore the former, I could only desperately scrabble for evidences to undermine it.

Fortunately, I at last dug out a series of counter-facts which indicated that Warwick was besieging castles in northern England at the time he was supposedly crossing the Channel, that the diplomatic journeys ascribed to him were actually made by two of his adherents, whose presence at Louis's court was fully vouched for, and hence that the clerk of the royal accounts, paying Warwick for his men's expenses, had wrongly assumed that the Earl himself performed the service. In this case, pigheaded refusal to let "art" bow to "science" enabled me—I hope—to reconcile fact and vision, stone and rainbow.

Current definitions of life-writing are lucid and simple, but not altogether satisfactory. In *The Development of English Biography,* Sir Harold Nicolson concludes that "pure" biography comes into being when the author, eschewing all extraneous purposes, writes the life of a man for its own sake, and, though adhering to truth, attempts to compose that life as a work of art.

In excluding the lives of saints or campaign biographies or pious memorials, Nicolson effectively clears the ground. But can it be said that even the "purest" biographer is not moved by the commemorative urge? The fundamental emotion that powers biographical practice is surely the desire to mark, to keep alive, the passage of a man by recapturing the life of that man; because that life, for him, says something or symbolizes something about the meaning of life in general. What signals the pure biographer is that he regards the truth as the only valid commemoration.

Considering that biography represents imagination limited by truth, facts raised to the power of revelation, I suggest that it may be defined as "the simulation, in words, of a man's life, from all that is known about that man."

As the *simulation* in words of a life, biography works through effects, like the other literary arts, but it is an art with boundaries. The definition excludes works at both ends of the biographical spectrum: the "fictionalized" biography simulates life but does not respect the materials at hand, whereas the fact-crammed biography, from the magpie school of scholarship-as-compilation, worships the materials at hand but does not simulate a life. The one fails truth; the other fails art. Between the two lies the impossible craft of true biography.

The question is often asked—how can a biographer be impartial (like a referee)? Of course he cannot be so, would not be so. He is not a biologist looking at one-celled animals under the microscope. He is a human being deeply involved with another human being. He lives another life along with his own, and hopes he can persuade the reader to live that life along with *his* own. A biography may take a dozen years or more to write. Who would be willing, who would be able to spend that much time with a man for whom he had no feeling?

The biographer is forced into a struggle with his subject which is, in a way, the opposite of the novelist's struggle. The novelist must fight for detachment from material that is a part of him, so that he may see that material in esthetic perspective, may ask it the right questions. The biographer is already detached from his material, but it is an inert, a fortuitous detachment, a detachment that has not been won but thrust upon him. Before he can achieve true detachment, he must first achieve something like the psychic immersion in his material that the novelist begins with.

In general, from the inception of modern life-writing in the fifteenth century to the present, the biographer, and the autobiographer, too, have confronted their subjects with a sharpening consciousness of perils and possibilities. The deepening of psychological perception achieved in the twentieth century has affected the biographer's awareness of his relations with his materials as much as his understanding of the materials themselves.

A second, more obvious tension now develops between the subject, as brute materials, and the writer, as shaping intelligence: the conflict between the intransigence of facts and the imperious demand of art. It is this second tension that I have been mindful of in my definition of biography as the simulation, in words, of a life—but a simulation growing out of the materials at hand.

At best, fact is harsh, recalcitrant matter, as tangible as the hunk of rusty iron one trips over and yet as shapeless as a paper hat in the rain. Fact must be rubbed up in the mind, placed in magnetic juxtaposition with other facts, until it begins to glow, to give off that radiance we call meaning. Fact is a biographer's only friend and worst enemy.

WHEN biographers talk shop among themselves, you will hear animated discussions of a problem rarely mentioned by reviewers, the problem of gaps. That paper trail, extending from the birth certificate to the death certificate, is never continuous or complete. The more remote in time the man is, the more gaps there will be. These gaps occur at all stages in the trail but are very likely to come during the childhood and adolescence of the subject.

There are no rules for handling gaps.

"It says, 'This idol protected by Franklin Automatic Alarm System.'"

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Each paper trail is unlike any other paper trail. Each biographer is unlike any other biographer. The right way to fill gaps is unknown; the wrong ways are legion.

Confronting a gap, the writer can but recognize that he is domesticated in imperfection; at the same time he must respond to King Harry's call—"Once more into the breach!"—and, summoning his talents and honesty, struggle to suggest the life of his man during the blank, without either pretending to more knowledge than he has or breaking the reader's illusion of a life unfolding.

I will use an experience of my own only because it is accessible. In trying to write a biography of Richard III, I was faced with an enormous gap in Richard's boyhood. From the age of ten till about fifteen (1462-66) he is but the merest supernumerary in the annals of the time. I could find only three elements out of which to build a bridge: what was going on in England; what, in all probability, he was doing; where he was living.

Since Richard's brother, King Edward IV, and the mighty Kingmaker, Richard, Earl of Warwick, were in these years moving toward a collision in which Richard would be deeply involved, the great events of the period had to be intertwined in the texture of his life. I sought to introduce them, not from Richard's viewpoint—which would mean a leap into a mind closed to me—nor yet as inert information interrupting the biography, but as the stuff of Richard's developing experience.

As for the other elements, I had only the naked fact that Richard was being schooled as a "henxman," or page, in the household of the Earl of Warwick at Middleham Castle in Wensleydale, Yorkshire.

Out of several contemporary "courtesy books" and a mercifully detailed manual on the proper education for an aspirant knight, I sought to reconstruct the probable pattern of Richard's boyhood days. Place itself provided equally valuable clues. On the southern slope of Wensleydale—a great rift in the Yorkshire moors through which tumbles the river Ure—there stand the massive ruins of Middleham Castle. Behind, the land rolls up to the sky; before, stretch the village and the valley; then, empty moorland climbing to the clouds. It was in Richard's day a wild sweep of country, inhabited by a folk more primitive than those in Edward IV's capital, marked by huge stone abbeys and bristling castles, the hills rounded by the stamp of Celtic kings and Roman legions. Since, in later years, Richard owned Middleham and spent his happiest days there, I concluded that he must have developed his feeling for the region during his early sojourn. I therefore juxtaposed his training in knighthood with an account of Wensleydale and its people in an attempt to suggest the shape of his boyhood.

The problem of filling gaps involves more than material; it is likewise a question of rhythm. Obviously, the amount of biographical space-time devoted to a moment in the subject's life should approximate the weight of significance of the moment. Not only, then, must the writer find material in the things that stand around, in order to bridge space; he must likewise sensitively adjust the movement of the narrative so that its pace reflects the true pace of the life. Otherwise, even the least perceptive reader will feel that "something is wrong," perhaps that the biography is "dry" or that the biographer has somehow cheated him or that he has missed a point. When the narrative moves quickly or slowly according to the quantity of the material rather than the quality of the experience, the writer *and* his subject have become prisoners of the papers.

It is gaps that tempt the fledgling biographer to speculate, the "artistic" biographer to invent, the scholarly biographer to give a lecture on history. To fill gaps by wondering aloud, lying, padding—or simply to leave them for the reader to tumble into—is not to fill the shoes of a true biographer.

If the absence of witnesses—gaps—poses one of the chief biographical problems, availability of witnesses does not mean that the biographer can switch on the automatic pilot. Mark Schorer has eloquently commented on the vanity, fallibility, unconscious duplicity, animosity, taciturnity, or volubility of living witnesses and evoked the specter of libel rustling above the workbench of the biographer writing of a man recently deceased, like Sinclair Lewis.

DEAD witnesses, preserved only as paper, are no less humanly perverse, inaccurate, and prejudiced; and if they have been dead for more than two centuries, their terseness, their indifference to details of behavior, their maddening penchant for generalizing, moralizing, and sometimes paralyzing human situations, in sum their over-all failure to satisfy the most modest demands of twentieth-century curiosity, offer perhaps even greater obstacles to biography than the copiousness, however misleading, of the witness-in-the-flesh.

Judicial, scientific, historical tests of evidence are useful, but the writer who deals in the unstable stuff of letters, diary, conversations, hearsay, the elusiveness of human testimony not offered as testimony, evidences that may yield more in their lies, omissions, euphemisms, and periphrases than in their truths, mainly depends on his shaky knowledge of psychology, his own sense of human nature, what he has learned from other biographers, dogged industry, a skepticism that is quizzical rather than systematic, and a determination to reject the golden fable for the leaden fact.

With no respect for human dignity, the biographer plays off his witnesses one against the other, snoops for additional information to confront them with, probes their prejudices and their pride, checks their reliability against their self-interest, thinks the worst until he is permitted to think better. Withal, he must expect to be deceived, and more

(Continued on page 65)

"Yeah! I'll bet Humphrey Bogart could have trimmed the pants off James Bond any old time."

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The Iliad

By KENNETH REXROTH

THE BEST-QUALIFIED CRITICS have always agreed that the first work of Western European literature has remained incomparably the greatest. In itself this is a revelation of the nature of the human mind and of the role of works of art. This is a popular judgment as well as a critical one. Today, over 2,500 years old, Homer competes successfully with current best-sellers, detective stories, and the most sensational and topical nonfiction.

Modern Americans may be the heirs of Western civilization, but all the elements of that civilization have changed drastically since Homer's day. The office worker who reads Homer on the subway bears little superficial resemblance either to Homer's characters or to his audience. Why should two long poems about the life of barbaric Greece have so great an appeal?

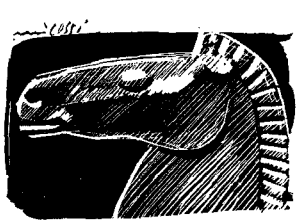
It was the fashion in the nineteenth century to deny the existence of Homer and to break up the *Odyssey* and *Iliad* into collections of folk ballads. Nothing disproves those theories more than this public reception. The *Iliad* and the *Odyssey* have been read by such a vast diversity of men because, as unitary works of art, they deal with universal experience with unsurpassed depth, breadth, and intensity. Each poem shows the powerful insight and organization that comes from the artistic craft of a complete person.

Men have argued about the *Iliad* for so long and raised so many side issues that it is easy for a critic to forget that it is formally a tragedy, saturated with a tragic sense of life and constructed with the inevitability of the tragedies of Orestes or Macbeth. It is a double tragedy—of Achilles and the Greeks, and of Hector and the Trojans, each reinforcing the other. To modern taste, the heroes are not the Greeks, who are portrayed as quarreling members of a warrior band, but the Trojans, men of family united in the community of the city-state.

Homer, like most later writers of epic—Teutonic, Irish, or Icelandic—portrays heroic valor as fundamentally destructive, not just of social order but of humane community. The Greeks are doomed by their characteristic virtues. Achilles sulks in his tent. Agamemnon has stolen his girl. The Greek camp is beset with a disorder that wastes all good things. Underlying disorder is violence. Violence is not approved of in itself by the Greeks, but all the values they most admire—the nobility, pride and power, glamour and strength of barbaric chieftains—flourish only in the context of violence and must be fed by it continuously. Failure of these values provokes shame, the opposite of the assumption of responsibility, and shame provokes disaster.

On the other side of the wall the Trojans go their orderly and dignified ways. None of them approves of the crime of Paris but he is a member of the family of the King of Troy and the citizens of Troy are members one of another. So they assume his guilt in an act of collective responsibility. When the Greeks arrived before the walls of Troy, the Trojans could have thrown Paris and Helen out of the city. The invaders would have gone their way. When the *Iliad* opens, the Greeks have been fighting for ten years and are worn out with the moral attrition of war, while the Trojans have grown ever closer together in the consciousness of doom. "Our lot is best, to fight for our country," says Hector, and Homer implies a contrast with the Greeks who are fighting for themselves, each for his own valor and pride.

Greeks and Trojans are not the only protagonists of this tragedy. There is another community—the gods of Olympus. In the vast literature of Homeric criticism, I have never read a mention of what kind of community this was, of where in Homer's day he could have found an earthly parallel to such a group of people. The court of Zeus is precisely a court, like those to be found in the great empires of the ancient Near East, in Egypt, Babylon, or Persia. After Homer, for a few hundred years, Greek society strove to rise above the tyrant and the court of the tyrant. The Greeks of the classical period looked on the rulers of Persia or Egypt and their provincial imitators in the Greek world as at once frivolous and dangerous, because, in Greek opinion, they were motivated not by the moral consensus of a responsible community but by the whims of what today we would call a collection of celebrities.



Homer contrasts the societies of the Greeks, the Trojans, and the Olympian gods as the three forms of political association that prevailed in the Heroic Age (a time that in fact, 400 years before, must have seemed almost as remote to him as his age does to us), namely the barbaric war band, the ancient, pre-Greek city-state, and the imperial court. He also contrasts men and gods as two disparate orders of being. The gods may behave like painted and perfumed courtiers of the Persian King of Kings, but they function also as conceptual forms of the forces of nature and of the forces that operate within the human personality on nonhuman levels. In this role, too, the tragedy of the *Iliad* reveals them as frivolous, dangerous, and unpredictable.

True, Homer speaks worshipfully at times of the gods, and especially of Zeus, but in terms of standardized flattery, empty of moral content. For Homer, utterly unlike the Jew or Moslem or Christian, the supernatural is devoid of value altogether. Value arises only in the relations of men. He contrasts two different systems of relationships, the epic chivalry of the Heroic Age war band of the Greeks, and the Trojan community of mutual respect and responsibility. The conflicts and resolutions and tragedies that beset the interactions of these human beings are all the good and evil there is in the *Iliad*. The gods contribute only chance, fate, doom, as amoral as so many roulette wheels.

Homer has been read for almost 3,000 years, and is read today by millions, because he portrayed men in the night-bound world of insensate circumstance as being each man to his fellow the only light there is, and all men to each other as the source of the only principle of order. This, says Homer, is the human condition. Out of it in the *Iliad* he constructed a dramatic architecture of a cogency never to be surpassed.

Each time I put down the *Iliad*, after reading it again in some new translation, or after reading once more the somber splendor of the Greek, I am convinced, as one is convinced by the experiences of a lifetime, that somehow, in a way beyond the visions of artistry, I have been face to face with the meaning of existence. Other works of literature give this insight, but none so powerfully, so uncontaminated by evasion or subterfuge. If the art of poetry is a symbolic criticism of value, the *Iliad* is the paramount classic of that art. Its purity, simplicity, definition, and impact reveal life and expose it to irrevocable judgment, with finality, at the beginning of European literature.

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WHAT DOES VIOLENCE SAY ABOUT MAN?

By JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

"I VERY MUCH LIKE to torture animals." So writes Salvador Dali in his modest *Diary of a Genius*. One of his deepest regrets is, so he goes on to say, that he has never had the pleasure of watching a lion die of starvation.

Now lions are expensive luxuries but rats and other small animals come cheap and a modest equivalent of the experience denied Dali is enjoyed by many adolescents in high schools that buy from one of the largest biological supply houses complete starvation kits that include various deficient diets and thus provide for a refinement which only modern science has made possible. The victims eat but they die even more slowly than if they were entirely deprived of food. Thus the pleasure of watching them is prolonged and it may be justified on the ground that it is "educational."

A century ago Charles Darwin told a Royal Commission that experiments involving cruelty to animals were "damnable" unless they contribute important knowledge unobtainable in any other way. And when Thomas Henry Huxley heard of a vivisectionist who said that he might give his victims an anesthetic to keep them quiet but not to spare them pain, Huxley wrote, "I would willingly agree to any law which would send him to the treadmill." Certainly high school students have no need to prove for themselves that dietary deficiencies can be fatal and they learn nothing but hardness of heart from either these experiments or from some of the others now popular—such as, for instance, the inoculation of rodents or chicks with cancer. In their literature class they probably read "The Ancient Mariner" and are asked to comment upon:

> He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small.

But a bright student might be inclined to reply that praying in schools is forbidden anyhow, and at least one teacher is reported to have brushed criticism aside by explaining that students were sternly forbidden to regard their victims as pets or to take any interest in them as individuals. Another teacher, when asked why it was necessary to perform actual experiments when published accounts and photographs were available, replied that "using live animals fascinates the youngsters." He added that it wouldn't do to stop the experiment before death ensued because death made it "more dramatic" and "the children are not convinced unless the critters die."

THERE are, of course, laws against cruelty to animals, but I have never heard of a case where they were invoked to prevent any torture that claimed to have a scientific purpose. In fact, many, though not all, laboratory physiologists have bitterly opposed all the various bills introduced (chiefly, so far, without success) that would set up standards governing the treatment of laboratory animals—Senate Bill S1071, for instance. But does anyone dare say that no laboratory worker could possibly have a touch of sadism in him or even that routine familiarity with torture might make him callous? The very fact that laboratory experiments are conducted behind closed doors makes it all the more desirable that some sort of control or inspection be provided for. In England, where all possibly painful experiments must be licensed by the Home Office, eighty-eight biological fellows of the Royal Society answered a questionnaire in which they were asked whether or not they opposed these existing controls, whether they believed they prevented the highest level of medical research, and whether they found in their own experience that control seriously frustrated legitimate results. Of the eighty-eight, only one replied "Yes" to any of the three questions; the rest gave a "No" to all three. Among comments from eminent persons were:

Sir Francis Walshe, F.R.S.: "A wide familiarity with the literature of experimental neuro-physiology leads me to think that in other countries where no such rational mode of control is used, quite a few futile and unnecessarily painful animal experiments are carried out by persons not always qualified to do them."

Professor A. T. Phillipson, deputy director of the Rowett Research Institute: "I am glad to hear the Americans are trying to introduce a bill similar to our Office Act."

Professor A. Habbow, F.R.S., director of the Chester Betty Cancer Research Institute: "I have, of course, been most interested to learn of the American bill and sorry to hear of opposition to it."

Nobel Prize-winner Professor H. A. Krebs: "I am very glad indeed to support a movement to introduce in the United States legislation similar to that operating in Great Britain. My answer to all three questions which you formulated at the end of your letter is a simple 'No.'"

ONE similar bill was recently introduced in one of the American state legislatures, whereupon an amendment was offered specifically exempting high school laboratories from any supervision or restriction. In the Middle Ages any cruelty was justified if it could be said to be in the defense of true religion; much the same is true today if science is substituted. But one does not have to oppose all vivisection to ask that the experimenter should be required to show, not merely that he could learn something from some horrible cruelty, but that what he could learn is important enough to be alleged as an excuse. I wonder, for instance, about the experiment recently reported to determine how much fire dogs could breathe without dying. The experimenter said that the Army "wanted to know." Why it wanted to know was not explained, but perhaps it was in order to make sure that its flame throwers were sufficiently lethal.

We like to tell ourselves that civilization has made us more humane. Our newspapers no longer carry advertisements like the following from a British periodical in 1730: "A mad bull, dressed up with fireworks, is to be turned loose . . . likewise a dog dressed up with fireworks; also a bear to be turned loose. N.B.—A cat is to be tied to the bull's

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tail." Bear-baiting was officially prohibited in England in 1835 and a few years earlier the first law making cruelty to animals an offense *per se* was passed—over, incidentally, vigorous opposition in Parliament by those who called themselves anti-sentimentalists. Nevertheless, it sometimes seems that Emerson's Law of Compensation really does work—both ways. Perhaps there is less suffering inflicted upon animals that is frankly for pleasure but there is probably much more of it--quantitatively, at least—in the interest of scientific knowledge.

Killing for fun and death as a spectacle are not, however, unknown today. In Tucson, Arizona, the head of a certain printing organization that opposes most of the present game laws abandoned the usually mealy-mouthed, gun-manufacturers' explanation of the wholesome effects of killing animals for fun (*i.e.*, outdoor exercise, contact with nature, making fathers pals with their sons, and so forth) for the statement that children ought to make early contact "with life and death." And frank though that was, it wasn't quite completely so. What he meant was not "familiarity with death" but "familiarity with killing," which is a rather different thing. And there is surely some doubt that there are not enough opportunities today to become familiar with that. We who have had the privilege of living in the Century of Progress have, as a matter of fact, had more opportunities to take killings of one sort or another for granted than had either our fathers or our grandfathers.

PERHAPS it is because there has been so much killing in our time that there seems to have been a reversal of the once-evident trend away from ritual violence. Perhaps the fun killings staged by some of the veterans' organizations that invite young folks to club rabbits to death is only a survival of a concept of sport widely prevalent down to the nineteenth century. But there is no doubt that bullfighting (once regarded as decidedly un-American) has become a smart diversion. Nor is its popularity confined to the Southwest, where the *corridas* (a little Spanish adds a touch of chic) staged just across the border are not only regularly advertised in our newspapers but often given critical reviews. Hemingway's blood lust no doubt had something to do with the rise of the fashion, but his celebration of the bullfight as the most refined expression of the sadistic impulse met with widespread response.

A few years ago, during a Congressional hearing, a witness introduced a memo from an advertising manager to the producer of a TV serial his company was sponsoring: "More violence and more bosoms." A great deal has been written in quite proper protest against the violence that runs so consistently not only through TV melodramas and through the animated cartoons, but also through even the Disney nature films, where ritual fights (often carefully staged) play a large part. How much all these things are creating a taste, how much merely responding to it, would be hard to know, but less has been written about the increasing element of violence, danger, and death in the so-called spectator sports. American football (which a recent English critic called "not violent enough for a war, but too violent for a game") is relatively mild by comparison with air shows and auto races, though even in football there are some spectators whose excitement is increased by the fact that fatal injuries are at least a very real possibility. And as far as the air shows and races are concerned, their danger is frankly stressed in the advertisements.

THE most penetrating discussion I have ever seen of the part played by the ever-present threat of death at an auto race occurs, oddly enough, in a Bantam paperback called *When Engines Roar*. These "nineteen action-packed true stories capture all the daring and drama of the greatest moments in auto racing history" and are obviously directed at *aficionados*. But the volume does nevertheless include an article "The Psychology of Auto Racing," by one Raymond de Beker, which is reprinted from *The Annual Automobile Review*.

Mr. de Beker cites a variety of appeals that the spectacle of auto racing can and does make: Speed is one of the more spectacular achievements of technology and all aspects of technology fascinate modern man; crowds, noise, and mass hysteria offer an escape from the troubled self, and so forth, and so forth. But the principal conclusion that emerges from the analysis is foreshadowed by the opening sentence: "Motor races are just as essential a part of modern life as gladiatorial combats were in ancient Rome."

After disposing rather briefly of the less obvious appeals, the author develops fully an analysis of the most powerful ones. "In no other sport . . . is the danger of death so imminent. At Le Mans death reaped eighteen victims in a matter of seconds . . . and though the spectators have every intention of running risks only by proxy, it happens that fate panders over-zealously to a taste that conscience scarcely dares to admit." Hence (as he might have added but didn't) it is all rather as though the spectator at the bullfight was occasionally tossed into the arena or the Roman fan at the Coliseum found himself, though no Christian, suddenly in the middle of the lions. (Which would have served him right enough.)

Mr. de Beker then concludes: "Mankind has reached a dangerous corner. . . . [He] seeks to perceive what fate this machine holds in store for him and to experience vicariously the pains of death and rebirth it involves. He wants to know if he can become the superman who defies the laws of space, the mechanized centaur he visualizes in the champion, and avoid the catastrophe which alarms yet attracts him as flame does a moth."

When I began to write this piece the moral I would have drawn from the bull ring and the race course would have been implied in the question just how far the spectator at either is from the Emperor Commodius, whom Suetonius describes as leaning over the box to stare intently into the face of the gladiator dying a few feet away. Now, however, I wonder if the auto race isn't, unlike the bullfight, something new rather than merely a recrudescence. Perhaps its chief significance is what Mr. de Beker makes it—as a ritual presentation of man face to face with the machine which he half hopes and half fears may put an end to him at last.

College Literary Magazine Contest: Editors of college literary magazines are reminded of the April 1 deadline in the annual contest sponsored by *SR* and the U.S. National Student Association.

Announcements giving details of the contest have already been sent to most of the nation's campuses. This year's competition will cover materials published in undergraduate literary magazines during the 1964-65 academic year. Awards will be given for the best single issue, for the best poem, for the best short story, and for the best nonfiction piece. Campus editors are urged to choose entries in one or more of the four categories and to submit four copies of each nomination.

SR will award the winning magazine $250 and an inscribed plaque. Winners in the individual categories will receive hand-lettered scrolls, and the winning poem will be published in *SR*, along with the names of all the winners. Entries and inquiries should be addressed to Magazine Contest, U.S. National Student Association, 3457 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19104.

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Double Jeopardy: U.N. and Vietnam

THE UNITED STATES pressed for a showdown in the recent session of the United Nations General Assembly against states that hadn't met their payments for the peace-keeping operations of the U.N. The United States argued that it was not for individual nations to determine whether assessments were unreasonable and improper. They were obligated to support the U.N. whether they liked it or not. France and the Soviet Union didn't like it. Desperate attempts to find a formula for averting an ominous confrontation all failed. The General Assembly adjourned in the deepest gloom it has known since 1945.

It might be argued that the United States didn't take into account the fact that a showdown could be far less damaging to the Soviet Union in particular than to the United Nations in general. As against this was the need to gain acceptance for the principle of compulsory obligations in matters concerned with keeping the peace. In the sense that the development of a higher sovereignty for preserving the peace is the largest single challenge of the twentieth century, a defense can be made for the American position on assessments.

But the American argument for supporting the authority of the United Nations was negated only a few days later by the United States itself when it spurned the call by Secretary-General U Thant for a conference looking toward an effective resolution of the war crisis in Vietnam. The principle we sought to uphold against the Soviet Union and France we set aside when our own interests were directly involved. Is it argued that the two cases are not similar? That the first case involved financial obligations and the second a situation in which the United States was already committed to a fixed course of action? The underlying principle in both cases has to do with the primacy of the U.N. in dealing with threats to world peace. The action in Suez and the Congo, which produced the financial crisis, was carried out in the interests of world peace. The action of the Secretary-General in calling for a conference over Vietnam was advanced in the interests of world peace. It is difficult to assert that the U.N. enjoys supranational status in fixing dues for peace-keeping operations while downgrading the role of the U.N. in peace-keeping itself.

Perhaps it will be said that the U.N. had no effective way of acting in Vietnam since not all parties to the dispute were members of the U.N. But the point at issue here is not whether the U.N. could or could not have been effective in mounting an armed action in Vietnam similar to its action in Korea or Suez or the Congo. What the U.N. tried to do was to initiate negotiations in a situation fast spiraling into a large-scale war. The United States declined U Thant's request with thanks. It was almost as though we were sending regrets for our inability to accept an invitation to a ball.

If France and the Soviet Union seemed cavalier in their attitude toward the United Nations, the attitude of the United States verged on condescension. One would suppose by this time that the United Nations does not exist for the purpose of making polite inquiries to concerned parties in questions of war and peace but for the hard and impersonal purpose of keeping this planet from atomic incineration.

Sooner or later the American people are going to have to make up their mind about what they want their government's position on the United Nations to be. So far, our position on the U.N. has been to give it full backing—up to the point where it impinges on the basic thrust of our foreign policy. Essentially, the U.N. has not been primary in our foreign policy. Primary elements include our nuclear stockpiles, our bases, NATO, SEATO, and our direct presence in various countries.

But if Vietnam has taught us anything, it is that the old policy of alliances, stockpiles, and bulging muscles is no longer the prime or workable instrument it was in the pre-atomic world of disconnected national units. NATO hasn't worked in Europe. SEATO hasn't worked in Indo-China. Raw force hasn't worked in Vietnam, either for France or the United States. But our response to the new facts of life is to put more of the unworkables to work instead of making a total commitment to the development of a collective mechanism for creating workable world law.

It is not solely geography that is interconnected in an atomic age. Actions are interconnected. We are pursuing a policy in Vietnam without regard to the effects on other elements bearing on our total security. The whole effort to keep the Soviet Union and Communist China from coming together in a vast military coalition; the need to keep the nations of Africa and Asia from veering toward Communist China; the need to keep a world organization competitive with the U.N. from being formed with Peking at the center; the need to create conditions that will make possible increasing control over the highly combustible nuclear arms race—all these are interconnected; all are affected adversely by the decision to spurn the good offices of the U.N. in Vietnam.

Equally important but largely disregarded is the connection between Saigon and Selma. Until President Johnson spoke before Congress last week, it was becoming increasingly difficult for Americans to explain to themselves or anyone else the contrast represented by the resolute policy of the United States in putting down disorders in Vietnam while observing zealous circumspection in Alabama. The President did honor to himself and the nation in recognizing the role of the U.S. in the Selmas of the South. He will do equal honor to the nation and the hopes for world peace in recognizing the role of the U.N. in the Vietnams of the world. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

One Step Closer

MAY I EXPRESS my admiration for your gratifying preview of the international convocation on the encyclical "Pacem in Terris" [*SR*, Feb. 13]. It is good to know that the words of many men, taking Pope John's as an example, do not always pass into oblivion but can be accepted, studied, and lived. The most basic and striking points of "Pacem in Terris" were brought out over and over again in your special section on the encyclical. . . .

Let us hope that the outcome of this international study may be to bring us one step closer to the establishment of a world peace and mutual trust through an all-embracing love of mankind.

SISTER MARY RALPH, C.S.J.
Cleveland, O.

Clearing the Air

ALTHOUGH VERY PLEASED with the forum afforded air pollution [*SR*, Feb. 27] I can't resist commenting on Donald Carr's rather emotion-laden discussion. I feel he has made a worthwhile contribution to public interest in the subject but that a little more pragmatism and a little less alarmism would have been warranted.

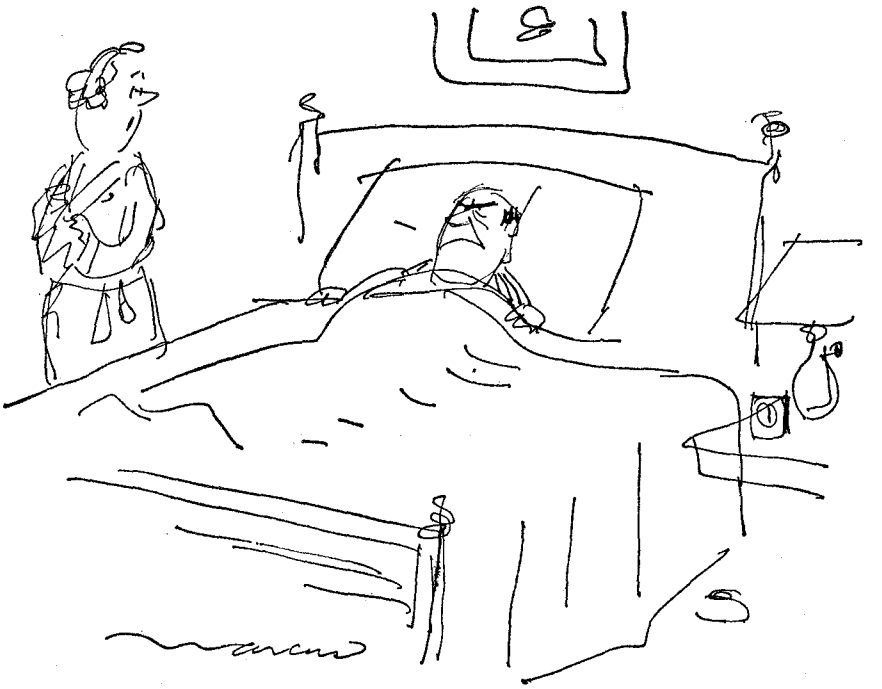
I would also challenge Mr. Carr's statement that "Nobody knows what causes inversions." Although it is true that inversions are beyond our control and must be accepted as offered by nature, this is not because their causes are unknown but because the causes are meteorological and because weather in general is currently beyond our control.

In fact, enough is known about the underlying meteorology to warrant a program of forecasting lengthy inversions that has been undertaken by Public Health Service air pollution meteorologists. The purpose of these forecasts is to provide warning so that a city can look after its "sloppy little sins," at least temporarily, and prevent their turning "suddenly into mortal ones."

Applying increased pollution control only during periods of prolonged temperature inversions is admittedly no ultimate solution, but it seems much better than either forcing extensive pollution-control measures immediately and without concern for cost, as Mr. Carr apparently advocates, or doing nothing in the face of the heavy cost involved, as seems to be the present course.

DAVID A. LYNN,
Division of Air Pollution,
Department of Health, Education,
and Welfare.
Cincinnati, O.

I CONGRATULATE Donald E. Carr for the intestinal fortitude he shows in "The Poison Air Around Us." It is refreshing to see someone articulate the pathological stupidity personified by the automobile in the United States. Vehicle drivers collaborated with their monsters to kill 43,390 human beings in the United States during an eleven-month period ending in November 1964, according to National Safety Council statistics.



"Get up, dear, you've got a whole day of complaining ahead of you."

In America the automobile seems to be a deadly habit acquired at a youthful age. It then becomes hardened by cowardice into an institution that has lost its function as a means to chosen ends, and whose operations go on for the debased purpose of giving their servants the illusion of being "somebody."

Perhaps Americans should search their souls for ways to eliminate this killer.

RICHARD A. PALFIN,
University of California.
Berkeley, Calif.

"Thou Should'st Be Living . . ."

I SHOULD LIKE TO REPLY to C. W. Griffin, whose letter "Varieties of Genius" [*SR*, March 6] closed with the implication that Milton, having written his poem *Paradise Lost* a half-century after Galileo, could not have had the faintest spark of scientific curiosity.

To have applied the Copernican and Galilean hypotheses to the epic would have violated the tradition and context of the theme. A careful reading of *Paradise Lost* will reveal that Milton was sufficiently catholic in his view to acknowledge the new finding of astronomy and at the same time develop his theme in accordance with the universe as conceived by the theology appropriate to it.

WILLIAM E. VINCENT.
Laurel, Md.

I WISH TO PROTEST VIGOROUSLY reader C. W. Griffin's unseemly slander of some of the greatest poets as "credulous and conventional . . ., etc. A little learning is a dangerous thing. Nobody who knows the facts of Milton's life, with his courageous—even radical—opposition to the divine right of kings, censorship of the press, traditional concepts of marriage, conventional religion, and so on, could possibly call him "credulous and conventional."

If Milton as a poet knowingly chose to retain the Ptolemaic concept of the universe as more appropriate to his story than the findings of Galileo would have been, that is his right as an imaginative writer. Does Mr. Griffin really suppose Milton to have been unfamiliar with the scientific discoveries of the age? This is a little like saying that Shakespeare was untrue to nature because he gave Bohemia a seacoast.

MRS. RICHARD FORSCHER.
Bedford, N.Y.

No Man Waits for *Time*

AS A STAFFER at Time-Life International, I read with considerable interest your TRADE WINDS column in the February 20 issue containing the flattering remarks about the swift production of the *New York Times*'s commemorative book on Winston Churchill.

While the *Times* admittedly did a good job in getting their book swiftly into print, I do not think you were accurate in quoting Mr. Cliff Michelmore, who complimented the *Times* for beating "the newsweeklies to the punch." *Time*'s report on Churchill's death was on sale in Paris Monday, January 25, and in London early Tuesday, January 26, well before the *New York Times* book went on sale.

The *Times* did a good job, but they did not "beat the newsweeklies to the punch." Mr. Michelmore was wrong on BBC's *Tonight* show, and it's too bad *SR* repeated the error.

A. F. GONZALEZ, JR.,
Sales Promotion Manager,
Time-Life International.
Bedford, N.Y.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Another View of *Vanessa*

ON ITS latest return to the Metropolitan Opera's repertory Samuel Barber's *Vanessa* acquired a distinction not attached to any prior American opera there—a "second generation" of performers in its two principal roles. In the only mentionable predecessors, by Deems Taylor, the leads were durably associated with the same performers. For this revival, Barber's new heroine was Mary Costa, with John Alexander as the vacillating Anatol.

However, a new influence of greater consequence was in the pit, where William Steinberg succeeded to a task previously entrusted to Dimitri Mitropoulos and Ignace Strasfogel. He made more of it "sound" than had been the case previously, pulling into greater prominence some strands of workmanship that had tended to escape attention before. He could not, clearly, add values where they were nonexistent, nor could he make more of such a crucial point of weakness as the end of Act III. But where Barber was at his best, all through the final scene, Steinberg made a match of the orchestral sound with the vocal that gave it just the touch of elegance and sentiment that were wanted.

Here, too, Miss Costa and her vis-à-vis were better adjusted to the requirements in Barber's treatment of Menotti's libretto than they had been earlier. The key to this may be in the circumstance that it is just at this point that Barber turned away from characterization and conversation to a straightforward lyric expression. Each has quite enough to offer to fulfil the beautiful line of his quintet. Rosalind Elias and Giorgio Tozzi, who created the roles of Erika and the Doctor, were even better than before.

The inverse would be that the new members of the cast were deficient in credibility and in the dramatic definition of the characters originated by Eleanor Steber and Nicolai Gedda. In the case of Miss Costa, her Vanessa suffered from the physical equivalent of an embarrassment of riches. She was, improbable as it may seem, too beautiful to be true to the premise in Menotti's libretto of a woman who has pined from twenty to forty for an unfulfilled romance. This need not have been so, for there are ways of aging, for theatrical purposes, by which any desired transformation can be achieved (as Blanche Thebom was demonstrating on the same stage in her portrayal of the Baroness). Whether or not Miss Costa resisted them, or could not bring herself to go all the necessary way, the fact remains that she was so radiant at the beginning that the "bloom" imparted by her new love had her looking, finally, even younger than the niece she refers to as "daughter."

True, she modeled the Beaton costumes (five changes for the five scenes) fetchingly, but she did not command, this time, the vocal resource in her mid-range to deliver the English words of the semi-recitative understandably. What she had to offer in posture and gesture were also too restricted to develop the conception of a frustrated woman who sheds her repressed self and accepts a much younger man than the one for whom she had been waiting. It is, of course, true that Miss Costa had had no prior opportunity to perform the part, and the period of rehearsal was brief. Whether she can amend her effort, in the light of this exposure, to bring it closer in quality to her Violetta and Manon remains for the future to determine.

The character of Anatol is not subject to any such transformation; he conforms to the classical formulation of a bounder in seducing Erika the first night he spends in the house where she lives with Vanessa, then lightly transferring his affection to her aunt when it suits his prospects of a rich marriage to do so. However, Alexander's estimate of the part left some important elements of the drama unaccounted for. It was vocally solid and dependable, but the same characteristics crept into his dramatic effort. If Anatol is anything, he is debonair, gay, worldly; Alexander was clearly too square, too principled, to be guilty of such duplicity. However, the relationship of Vanessa's mother to the actions of the others was sturdily sustained by Miss Thebom. She made her presence felt, as had Regina Resnik before her, almost by posture and gesture alone, thus heightening the effect of the few lines she had to sing.

For all the fact that there was more than a scattering of empty seats and *Vanessa* has its downs as well as ups, this is the kind of enterprise for which the Metropolitan earns credit, if not cash. Nobody can learn to write for such a stage without doing it. If Barber can pick up, from the estimable end of *Vanessa,* in the work he is writing for the new Metropolitan in Lincoln Center, the second step will more than justify the first.

Among the orchestral events of the week, there was something of more than passing interest in an evening of music by Israeli composers sponsored cooperatively by the Composer's Showcase, the America-Israel Cultural Foundation, the Woman's League for Israel, and the government of that country. In addition to conventional works by Oedoen Partos, Marc Lavry, Paul Ben-Haim, and Mordecai Seter, it offered an unconventional one by Josef Tal.

This was his Piano Concerto No. 5, with the composer performing the solo part to the tape recording of an electronic accompaniment. There is, still, something exotic in the sight of a tail-coated performer at a concert grand awaiting his cue to cooperate with the sound from a loudspeaker, but most of what was exotic in Tal's Concerto was in the sight rather than the sound. There was, from time to time, something that sounded like a gamelan, a temple block, or the rumble of a train, to which Tal added arpeggiated comments or struck a contrasting figure. But there was rarely the feeling that he was motivated by a conception that could have been expressed in no other way.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

Three Penny Musical

THE City Center showed a perplexing kind of initiative when it included Kurt Weill's *Dreigroschenoper* in its spring season of contemporary opera. The roster of German-speaking actors assembled for the occasion has no more to do with the company's regular resources than the work itself has to do with conventional opera.

For all its wit and period charm, *Die Dreigroschenoper* remains a social satire. It was hard to remember this at the City Center. Adolph Rott's direction proves that the work can withstand candy coating, but Rott also demonstrates how much prettification weakens the impact. Wolfgang Roth's unit props are manipulated very cleverly, and so are the actors (sometimes they function purely as scenery). When it comes to making characters personify more than cheerful musical-comedy types, however, there is trouble. A spark of bitterness validates the elder Peachums as portrayed by Stefan Schnabel and Lilia Skala, and a bit of sardonic understanding marks the Narrator of George S. Irving. But Kurt Kasznar is far too lovable to be credibly slimy as Mack the Knife, Ralph Herbert makes a standard operetta policeman of Brown, and Anita Hoefer and Marion Brash reduce Polly and Lucy to cliché ingenues of the pure and sinful varieties respectively. The best thing to be said about Martha Schlamme as Jenny is that she refrains from imitating Lotte Lenya. *Generalmusikdirektor* Julius Rudel presides over the eight-piece band. Expertly.

—MARTIN BERNHEIMER.

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Books

LITERARY HORIZONS

The Glory and the Terror

ANTHONY C. WEST (not to be confused with the Anthony West who occasionally does book reviews for *The New Yorker*) published his first book, a remarkable collection of short stories called *River's End*, in 1958. Both in his style and in his sensibility he seemed to me a powerfully original writer, and I vowed that I would follow his work. But one thing and another happened, and two books were published that I still, to my shame, haven't read. Now, however, I have read his new book, *The Ferret Fancier* (Simon & Schuster, $4.95), and again I am filled with enthusiasm.

Like several of the stories in his first book, the novel deals with the life of a boy in a Protestant community in Ireland, and we have to assume that in both instances the boy is closely related to the author. In the novel West portrays the community somewhat more fully than in any of the stories. The boy, Simon Green, is the son of a moderately successful farmer, a solid Protestant and "Orangeman of long standing." There are other substantial farmers, and then there are the miserably poor, and at the top there is Lord Corran. The town has its eccentrics and its sinners, all of whom Simon knows, but it takes its tone from the pious, narrow-minded, mostly unthinking majority, for whom religion is a habit—perhaps, as Simon sometimes thinks, a bad habit.

The novel begins with the last day of school before a long vacation, and the first thing we know about Simon is that he hates school and especially the schoolmaster, Mr. Rainey. The unwilling schoolboy has been the subject of much humor, but West is not making fun of Simon. On the contrary, he agrees with the boy's estimate of his teacher, seeing Rainey as the enemy of what is good in life. Later, when Simon thinks of committing suicide and leaving a note casting the blame on Rainey, West knows that the boy is being absurd, as Simon himself really knows; and yet the reader is aware of a genuine desperation.

The role of the ferret in the story is interesting. Along with a schoolmate, a club-footed boy nicknamed Thubby, Simon joins some older boys in hunting rabbits and rats with ferrets. Eventually one of the ferrets, Jill, comes into his possession, but, though he cares for her conscientiously, he has mixed feelings about the beast. He admires her "feral, reptilian, transcendent courage," and yet he feels that she is somehow evil. When she kills a rabbit, he sees "the stark declaration of brutality; the implacable antipathy of creature for creature that was fused into the myriad-threaded fabric of creation, God good in heaven or not; the needless hate that tore without excuse or provocation at life—life itself the free excuse for destruction; the total commitment to a blind compulsion to destroy without joy; the pure criminal indifference to fear and suffering, terror invoked to strengthen pitilessness, suffering feeding the will to hurt." The title obviously is ironic: Jill fascinates Simon, but it can scarcely be said that he fancies her.

Like the boys in West's earlier stories, Simon is uncommonly responsive to nature in all its aspects, and, in this rigidly Protestant society, he becomes a kind of pantheist: "O what is God if not wind, sunshine, starshine and rain, flowers, grass, spring and autumn's terrible destructions, the clouded skyfields of March and the frost meadows of Michaelmas—the quality of mercy never strained . . ." The sight of a flock of martins preparing for their fall migration becomes a religious experience. Simon notes with delight the movement of the seasons: "Crocus time, snowdrops, celandines, early violets, the grass coming again with fresh green fire and all the birds at the singing again, the hens with red combs and the roosters busy at the marrying, the heartbroken cry of new lambs as if the world was terrifying and the Annam beginning to shrink to her proper banks, leaving whole fields watercombed the one way, little windrows of trash and reed marking the decrease like a shore the tide had been on. Like Noah he praised the boiling storm-skies of March that made rainbows all day long."

Yet one must not attribute to Simon a kind of Wordsworthian innocence, for one of the major themes of the book is his sexual awakening. In one important

23 Literary Horizons: Granville Hicks reviews "The Ferret Fancier," by Anthony C. West

24 Letters to the Book Review Editor

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26 Nehru: The First Sixty Years, edited by Dorothy Norman

27 The Reckoning: The Memoirs of Anthony Eden, Earl of Avon

28 SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

29 The Winners, by Julio Cortázar

30 Rage, by Lorenza Mazzetti. The Orgy, by Muriel Rukeyser. Sam Chance, by Benjamin Capps

31 Criminal Record

32 Books for Young People, by Alice Dalgliesh

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respect this boy is a man, with a man's desires and temptations. Being a farm boy, he knows much about sex, but this knowledge does not help him to reconcile the facts of his own experience with the teachings of his home, his church, and his school. Of course there is plenty of talk among his contemporaries, one of whom, Thubby, has set himself up as an expert, but Simon's perplexities are great and his conflicts strong. He is particularly attracted to Agnes Jameson, whose family is poor but a good deal more relaxed and, it seems to him, considerably happier than his own. In describing Simon's physiological and psychological states, West uses the words Simon might have used, and uses them to good effect.

The novel has a series of climaxes. Simon's passion for Agnes comes close to consummation, and he learns a little more about the world. His disgust with the ferret grows so strong that at last he lets her starve to death. He plays a trick on Rainey, while Thubby hurts and humiliates the poor teacher. Simon has his dark moments, when he thinks of himself as a sinner of the blackest kind, but he is moving steadily towards manhood, as becomes clear when he defies his father and gets away with it.

There are passages of great beauty and power in the novel, as there are in the short stories. West is sometimes a careless writer; but at his best he is splendid, and the richness and spontaneity of his imagery have often reminded critics of Dylan Thomas. He also uses the vulgar vernacular with no self-consciousness.

Few writers have explored more authoritatively the mind of a boy or shown more aspects of boyhood experience. West makes us feel the pressure exerted on Simon by his mother and the rector and the egregious Rainey. The little community itself, in which everybody knows everything about everybody else, contributes to his education. He is close to nature, which he both loves and fears, knowing that on one side nature is like the fierce, merciless, destructive ferret. The changes in his own body offer him excitements and perplexities that stimulate and frighten him. In short, he is passing through a period of intense adventure and great peril, and West has the power to make us live through it with him. —GRANVILLE HICKS.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Rosenberg File

. . . IN HIS REVIEW OF *The Anxious Object* [*SR*, Jan. 23] Daniel Catton Rich describes me as follows: "Harold Rosenberg is a poet turned art critic. Curious about the relation of vanguard literature to vanguard art, in the Forties he became a friend of certain American painters." This literary characterization leads to his argument that I scarcely ever look at paintings but use them as "springboards for ideas."

Actually, I was employed as a painter on the Federal Art Project for three years in the mid-1930s, during which I was an editor of *Art Front*, organ of the Artists Union. This is a bit different from becoming "in the Forties a friend of certain American painters." Also you can't be a painter without looking at paintings, at least your own paintings.

Mr. Rich "[suspects] that Rosenberg has scarcely looked at the art of the past." Later in the Thirties I was national art editor in Washington, D.C., of the American Guide Series, which required familiarity with the art history of every state in the union. I personally wrote the chapter of the history of art in New York for the *New York City Guide*, published by Random House, the section on the National Gallery for the *Washington, D.C., Guide*, etc., and the chapter on art in America for the one-volume guide to the United States published by Hastings House. Even had I tried, I couldn't have done this without looking occasionally at the art of the past. . . .

HAROLD ROSENBERG.

New York, N.Y.

Pressed Analogy

. . . "Is JAMES DROUGHT all hard-sell or 'a kind of modern Thoreau' as critic Paul Pickrel described him in the *Yale Review*?," Haskel Frankel asks [*SR*, Feb. 27], but with modest effort he could have discovered that in fact Mr. Drought's name has never appeared in the *Yale Review*. . . .

Here is the story: A few years ago Mr. Drought appeared at my office and introduced himself as a former student of a man who many years earlier had been my favorite teacher. . . . I found Mr. Drought a most ingratiating young man, and we had a fine time talking about our old teacher and other friends we shared in our native Illinois. . . . I learned that he had literary ambitions, and soon after his visit he started sending me examples of his work. He may even have left one that very afternoon; I no longer recall. At any rate I received a number of his stories and began to feel remorse . . . that I had taken no notice of them; so I sat down and wrote him a letter about the last manuscript he had sent me. It was a personal letter, written in longhand (I have no copy), to a young man who had some claim upon my attention through common friendships. Later Mr. Drought called on me and said that he had used a slightly modified version of my letter to borrow money for the publication of his manuscript, and when it was published my letter saw further service in the form from which Mr. Frankel has quoted.

Mr. Drought knows that I am somewhat embarrassed by the use he has made of my name. Some months ago he said that he would remove the quotation attributed to me in future printings of his book, but apparently a good many copies were already in print. With his unfailing good humor he regards me as insufficiently appreciative of his efforts to rescue me from obscurity, and I daresay I am.

For his part Mr. Frankel seems to attach rather more weight to the phrase he quotes than I had expected it to bear. I had supposed that "a kind of modern Thoreau" was a harmless piece of tactful vagueness. Mr. Drought resembles Thoreau in finding the institutions of society less than wholly satisfactory; I had not meant to press the analogy much beyond that point.

PAUL PICKREL.

New Haven, Conn.

. . . WELL MIGHT [Drought's] achievements resound throughout the length and breadth of the land, for their admirable initiative and enterprise. . . . Who's Who in America is proud of having given recognition to his prowess by selecting him for listing, as he more than fulfills its criterion of "national reference interest for meritorious achievement."

KENNETH N. ANGLEMIRE,
President,
The A. N. Marquis Co.

Chicago, Ill.

HOW CAN HASKEL FRANKEL presume to write an article about James Drought when he hasn't read even one of Mr. Drought's books? He seems so irritated with what is really enthusiasm on Mr. Drought's part that he doesn't indicate that he has understood what Mr. Drought had to say. . . .

WILLIAM MARTINELLI.

Oakland, Calif.

. . . MR. FRANKEL . . . managed to write a very dull and seemingly prejudiced monologue on Mr. Drought's personal dress and character traits. The question: is the purpose of your editorial policy to give your readers a literary review of a man's writing ability or one interviewer's personal opinion of the character of another man?

JAMES R. DUMOLIN.

St. Louis, Mo.

I READ MORE than one of Mr. Drought's books—two, in fact, as well as excerpts from others, but I did not—and still do not—feel that my estimate of his work belonged in

(*Continued on page* 34)

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"Say I'm Eccentric"

THE NEWBERY MEDAL, established in 1921, is presented annually "to the author of the most distinguished contribution to American literature for children published during the preceding year." While I have not met any of the previous winners, I think it safe to say that they in no way resemble the 1965 winner, Maia Wojciechowska (Voy-chi-hov-skah), author of *Shadow of a Bull* [see page 32]. In fact, I'll go so far as to say that Maia Wojciechowska ("My Polish name is very common; it's like Jones or Johnson. My mother's side is so aristocratic it has died out.") resembles no one else I know, and I don't believe she resembles anyone you know either.

It's not that she doesn't look like people. She does. In truth, she looks better than most. She is somewhere in her thirties, has blue eyes and blonde hair "going back to brown," is 5'4" tall, and weighs a compact 118 pounds. There is a resemblance to Maria Schell plus the intriguing remains of a Polish accent, which shows up mostly in husky H's.

It is what she does and says that sets her apart. While the rest of us have made compromises with life, have learned to charm those we detest, have learned to sell products we don't believe in, Maia has gone her own way recklessly and outrageously. "Darling," she said to me, "do not make me sound like a nut. All right, say I'm eccentric but not crazy. Put something in my mouth that sounds sound." (About that "darling": "Half the time I can't think of people's damned names.")

I first met her about four years ago when I was book editor for a slick magazine and she was publicity director for a publishing house. She invited me to lunch at an expensive restaurant, which is what publicity directors do in order to make book editors aware of all of the marvelous titles their publisher is bringing out. She began our luncheon by saying, "Darling, you don't want to talk about these lousy books, do you?" and spent the next two hours telling me of her plans to open a restaurant and to write children's books. Looking back on that first meeting, she said, "But, darling, of course I destroyed my publisher's image. The house needed that. They had such a bad image—all those obscure autobiographies."

The questionnaire she filled out for Atheneum before the publication of *Shadow of a Bull* lists two books prior to the Newbery Medal winner: *Market Day for Ti Andre*, a children's book published by Viking in 1952, and *International Hairstyling Guide*, a book for professional hairdressers published in 1960. "It was the greatest, most magnificent flop ever."

On March 23, Atheneum released her *Odyssey of Courage: The Story of Alvar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca*. This fall, Harper & Row will publish *A Kingdom in a Horse*. "It's about my horse and an old lady of sixty-five. It's the closest I'll ever get to writing an autobiography."

That horse is named Gypsy, and she lives with Maia and her thirteen-year-old daughter, Oriana, sometimes inside, sometimes outside a five-story stone tower in New Jersey. "It has windows on three sides. It was once a fire tower and it's absolutely unheatable. We can't live there in winter. The first floor of the tower is our living room, dining room, and kitchen combined. Gypsy always came and ate from the table. She ate from a plate, and she would watch television with us. For awhile we thought *Mister Ed,* that talking horse show, was her favorite. We bought a portable TV for her but then we decided it was just as well that she come into the house."

Maia's questionnaire states that she speaks French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Polish, and English. "My daughter won't read me. She says I haven't mastered the English language." Her schooling took place in "Poland, France, England, USA. College (did not complete second year) Immaculate Heart, Los Angeles, California." "Well, actually I walked out after one day of the second year and didn't go back at all. I was flunking everything anyway. The first year I took five history courses, Logic, Spanish, French, Ethics—all heavy credit things. I was on a scholarship, a funny one, I think."

As to what she did after her one day of second-year college, her questionnaire states: "One year had seventy-odd (some not so) jobs, at other times of less fruitful employment was private detective, tennis professional, magazine editor, translator (for Radio Free Europe), bullfighter (not for pay), etc., etc."

"I fought some cows and I killed one bull slated for slaughter anyway. It wasn't much of a bull, a half-breed with not enough of the blood of the brave bulls. That was in Benito Juarez, Mexico. No one was there but some drunken Indians. I made six passes before the kill. The blade went in like butter, and the bull went down. The drunken Indians awarded me the ears and the tail. Now, what else can I tell you, darling?"

"Well, I think we should talk about. . . ."

"All right, I will tell you things I am really interested in. First, there are two judges I want impeached. There is one in traffic court who made a half-hour speech about Flag Day and kept 200 of us standing the entire time waiting to pay our fines. And there is another judge who ruled against me in a rent case because he said I reminded him of his mother-in-law.

"And I am interested in citizens' arrests for slow drivers; they cause most of the traffic accidents. Only it is so hard to make an arrest while driving. I need information, too. Can you make a citizen's arrest on a man who only has his first papers? I care about the American husband, too; he is the real martyr of this century. And hairshirts; you can't get them anywhere. I think you have to import them."

"Maia, dear, don't you think we should talk about your writing?"

"I'm really mad about children until they are teen-agers. Then they go into suspended animation; they are outside of human communication. But through books I think they can still be reached. I don't want to write for adults. They have too much to read as it is. Anyway, I'm closer to kids than to adults, not that I am retarded. Mostly the adult world is closed to me. The adult mind is all washed down. But children! They are honest. They lie and they cheat but they know when they do it. You can write more honestly for them.

"You know, darling, the whole secret of success is that you have to back a loser. I really am basically a failure. You can touch failure; it is tangible. Success is not. I became a writer and now I have won the Newbery Medal. You see, darling? I failed at failure."

—HASKEL FRANKEL.

Maia Wojciechowska—unretarded.

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He Left His Country a Future

—*Dave Iwerks (Pix).*

Nehru—"one of this century's most fertile minds."

Nehru: The First Sixty Years, *edited by Dorothy Norman (John Day. 2 vols. 1,312 pp. $27.50), reveals through his own words one of the most remarkable men of our century. Vera Micheles Dean, author of "New Patterns of Democracy in India," is a frequent visitor to that country and interviewed Prime Minister Nehru on a number of occasions.*

By VERA MICHELES DEAN

DOROTHY NORMAN, who played a prominent role in the American movement for India's independence, both privately and as an officer of the India League of America, first conceived the idea for this book in 1950, when she was a guest at Prime Minister Nehru's residence in New Delhi and attended the formal inauguration of the Republic. It is an impressive work. Containing thoughtfully selected and, in many instances, lengthy passages from Nehru's writings and speeches up to 1950, and including a foreword contributed by Nehru shortly before his death, the two volumes document one of this century's most fertile minds—a mind that grasped not only the vast problems involved in India's transformation into a modern nation but also those of bridging the gap between peoples of all countries to create a world community.

Born in 1889 of a wealthy Kashmiri Brahmin family, and educated at Harrow and Cambridge, Jawaharlal Nehru by his own admission always felt intellectually divided between East and West. His father, he recalls, was "a rebel against many social customs. . . . By modern standards, my father would be called a conservative in many ways. But in those days he was a great rebel. And a man of very strong character." When Jawaharlal was ten, the elder Nehru, an eminent lawyer, refused to perform the traditional Hindu ceremony of purification on his return from a journey abroad. "This ceremony itself was a bit of a farce," Nehru comments, "and there was little of religion in it. It merely signified an outward conformity and a submission to the group will. Having done so, each person indulged in all manner of heterodox activities and mixed and fed with [non-Brahmins] and non-Hindus."

At Harrow, which to Nehru seemed "a rather small and restricted place," he found "not a soul" to whom he could talk about the self-rule movement in India. Trevelyan's series of books on Garibaldi and the Irish rebellion against Britain aroused in him dreams of "similar deeds in India, of a gallant fight for freedom." Then, at Cambridge, he came in contact with "certain socialistic ideas—partly Fabian Socialism, partly some slightly more aggressive socialistic ideas." "But it was all very academic" until he began to evolve in the 1930s the concepts of socialism he thought applicable to India. Even during his university years his thinking on economic and social change was in advance of that of his elders, notably his father, whom at that time he described as "immoderately Moderate."

Having become involved in the *kisan* (peasant) movement, Nehru visited the Allahabad region in 1920. "I was filled with shame and sorrow," he said; "shame at my own easygoing and comfortable life and our petty politics of the city which ignored this vast multitude of semi-naked sons and daughters of India, sorrow at the degradation and overwhelming poverty of India. . . . And their faith in us, casual visitors from the distant city, embarrassed me and filled me with a new responsibility that frightened me." He "felt at home in the dust and discomfort, the pushing and jostling of large gatherings, though"—and here, as always, he is honest with himself—"their want of discipline often irritated me."

Nehru recognized the magnificent contribution Gandhi made by transforming the Indian National Congress, previously restricted to the upper classes, into a "democratic and mass organization," in which villagers participated and in whose activities they felt they had a stake. But "the stark shadow of hunger" Nehru had seen began to pursue him. "We learned our Indian economics more from these visits than from books and learned discourses." He was not certain whether socialism or communism was the right answer to the problems of the villagers, only that "the answer must be in terms of economics and not mainly politics."

In his formative years, Nehru writes, "India was in my blood and there was much in her that instinctively thrilled me." He realized that she was "a slave country, an appendage of Britain." But his vision of India's immemorial past gave him perspective, and he could see the 180 years of British rule as "just one of the unhappy interludes" in a long history. At the height of the independence struggle he said: "It is not a question of an implacable and irreconcilable antagonism to England and the English people. . . . I do not find any anger against England and the English people." In his broadcast on May 10, 1949, announcing India's decision to continue as a member of the Commonwealth, he deplored "extreme, narrow-minded nationalists who cannot see to the right or to the left, but live in a narrow sphere of their own and, therefore, forget that the world is going ahead."

Similarly, in the 1930s he deplored both Hindu and Muslim communalism, which in his opinion was inspired by mutual fear and spelled reaction. But he realized that communalism would not disappear "by suppression but by removal of the feeling of fear, or by a diversion of interest."

He equally regretted extreme nationalism on the world scene. In 1949, addressing the Indian Council on World Affairs, he contended that "war has become indivisible and, therefore, peace is indivisible." He recognized that "the first duty of every country is to protect itself," and for this purpose to build up armed forces, but believed that India should do its utmost to keep clear of hostile alliances. Above all, he argued that "this world is a diverse place and there are diverse ways of living and functioning and thinking in it . . . let us try to get rid of the evil in the world and allow the variety of the world to continue."

Yet, beyond all the other aspirations

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and concerns that animated his life, Nehru's greatest love, first, last, and always, was for India. This highly sophisticated man who abjured all religious belief while respecting all religions asked in his will (reproduced, in part, at the end of this book) that a handful of his ashes be cast into the Ganges at Allahabad—not because of religious sentiment, but because of his affection for India's sacred river, "beloved of her people, round which are intertwined her racial memories, her hopes and fears, her songs of triumph, her victories and her defeats." The Ganges, he wrote, had been to him "a symbol and a memory of the past of India, running into the present, and flowing on to the great ocean of the future." And then, with his familiar and disarming frankness, he added: "And though I have discarded much of past tradition and custom, and am anxious that India should rid herself of all shackles that bind and constrain her and divide her people, and suppress vast numbers of them, and prevent the free development of the body and the spirit; though I seek all this, yet I do not wish to cut myself off from that past completely. I am proud of that great inheritance that has been, and is, ours, and I am conscious that I too, like all of us, am a link in that unbroken chain which goes back to the dawn of history in the immemorial past of India."

This collection is a treasury of material that would otherwise be unavailable to the general reader; it is also a welcome source for the serious student of India's role in modern times. However, in 1950, when the book closes, the excitement of independence still cast a warm glow over India's future. The harsh experiences of the next fourteen years—the dangerously widening gap between population growth and food production, the continuing struggle over Kashmir, Peking's 1962 invasion of India—need to be recorded as they were seen and judged by Nehru, who, in spite of the mounting problems, remained faithful to his belief in the processes of political democracy. Dorothy Norman should be urged to perform another public service by producing a companion volume on *Nehru: The Last Fourteen Years.*

The Minister's Report on the Past

The Reckoning: The Memoirs of Anthony Eden, Earl of Avon *(Houghton Mifflin. 736 pp. $8.50), the second instalment of the former Prime Minister's reminiscences, covers the fateful years from 1939 to 1945. J. H. Plumb's latest book is "Men and Centuries."*

By J. H. PLUMB

FROM 1939 to 1945 Anthony Eden, first as Minister of War and then as Foreign Secretary in the British Government, was at the very heart of World War II, involved in decisions of the highest moment, a friend and colleague of Churchill, constantly in touch with Stalin, Molotov, Roosevelt, Cordell Hull, de Gaulle, and the rest. Every prominent person in the war, except perhaps for the American commanders in the Pacific, was well known to him. He was present at all the great conferences—Teheran, Yalta, San Francisco, and Potsdam; no high-level conference between the British and the Russians or between the British and the Americans was missed by him. This, surely, must have provided Eden with a fascinating panorama of human temperament embroiled in cataclysmic events that were to alter the fate of the world for generations.

Furthermore, Eden had had a long apprenticeship. He had been the youngest Foreign Secretary of Britain for a century or more. He possessed an unrivaled knowledge of diplomacy and diplomats, and should have been aware as few others could be of the turbulent tides of Europe.

So the news that Anthony Eden was writing his memoirs naturally led to the highest expectations: volumes that might be worthy of a place alongside Churchill's. Alas, that hope, already slender after the first book, has now vanished altogether. These are the dullest, dreariest memoirs imaginable, relieved only by an occasional scrap of gossip. But that, perhaps, is not quite fair. They are also infused by a flat-footed common sense—at least about events, if not about people.

—*Leo Rosenthal (Pix).*

Anthony Eden—"sound judgment about the obvious."

The good sense is best displayed in Anthony Eden's evaluation of Europe's needs in the postwar world. He saw both the folly of Churchill's ambivalent attitude towards de Gaulle and the danger of Roosevelt's distaste for the Free French and his too great willingness to negotiate with the more tortuous members of the Vichy régime. Doggedly Eden did his best to get both men to recognize not only de Gaulle's leadership but also the desirability, which Roosevelt did not appear to realize, of a strong and powerful France.

Indeed, one of the most alarming revelations in this volume is FDR's cavalier attitude toward European problems. Can the President have been serious in his proposal for a "Wallonia" (combining Belgium and bits of northern France), as Eden would have us suppose? Surely, he must have been teasing, and Eden too naïve to realize it. Nevertheless, Roosevelt was naïve about European problems, too suspicious of traditional British attitudes, and not sufficiently aware of Russia's practical and theoretical grasp of the Eastern European problem. Here Eden's long training and unruffled common sense showed to great advantage.

Praise, too, should go to his quick realization of the war's turning points and of the necessity, therefore, to start planning as early as 1942 for peace and victory, a subject in which he found it extremely difficult to interest Churchill. But apart from such examples of sound judgment about the obvious, there is little.

Particularly disappointing is the picture of Sir Winston Churchill that emerges from these memoirs, or rather the lack of a picture. Eden worked closer to Churchill than any other minister. Eden gives the impression that Churchill pursued him with letters, telegrams, telephone calls, and insisted on his presence for hours at a time; no place was inconvenient for a talk. Churchill might be in bed or in his bath, but Eden was always welcome. So one might reasonably expect fresh insights into the rich temperament of Churchill, an analysis of his strength and ability, as well as a revelation of his weaknesses. At no point does Eden attempt to assess Churchill. A great deal of space is given to the latter's misjudgments of people, events, and strategy, his irascibility towards his colleagues and generals, although his ulti-

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mate magnanimity is also stressed. The result is a muddled portrait, and one that does less than justice to Churchill.

No one else fares much better. The assessments of Stalin and Roosevelt are those of commonplace journalism and they teach us nothing new. But worse even than the weakness of the character studies is the utter banality of the writing and the disclosure of an insensitive, second-rate mind, possessing a modest grasp of reality and little else.

It is hard for me to write this, for Eden was one of my youthful heroes. He, with Churchill, stood out against Hitler and Mussolini when the mass of the British Conservative Party was blinded with an inane optimism; and for this he had the deep respect of my generation. These memoirs, however, reveal that in this case it is not the hero's feet but his head that is made of clay. They can only diminish his reputation. Their quality can best be shown by an example: In July 1942 a British convoy tried to get through to Northern Russia; it was shattered, almost obliterated, and only five out of forty ships got through. The Russian Ambassador called on Eden and "expressed concern and asked what our plans were for the next convoy. I said that it was obvious that we must take some account of the experience of the last one. To send convoys out and have nearly all the ships sunk was of no help to the Russians or to anyone but the enemy."

Just so.

The Cover: "I painted in America better than I had ever painted before," Léger said in 1949, three years after he had returned to France from a prolonged visit to the United States. *The Great Julie* comes from this period. Léger responded to the vigor of the New World, observing that "in America all is rough and strong like the climate." He loved crowded store windows, mail order catalogues, cheap painted neckties, Chicago jazz dives, mass-produced objects, and blatant advertisements. Perhaps more than any other European artist he was temperamentally atune to America, for even his earliest work celebrated mechanization. In speaking of this country, he said, "Bad taste is one of its valuable raw materials. Bad taste, strong color—it is all here for the painter to organize, to get the full use of its power. Girls in sweaters with brilliant-colored skin; girls in shorts dressed more like acrobats in a circus than one would ever find on a Paris street. If I had seen only girls dressed in 'good taste' here I would never have painted my Cyclist series, of which *The Great Julie* was the culmination." —K.K.

SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

Anthologies

ALBERT SCHWEITZER: An Anthology. Edited by Charles R. Joy. Harper & Row. $5.95.

A BOOK OF SCOTTISH NURSERY RHYMES. Collected and edited by Norah and William Montgomerie. Oxford Univ. Press. $3.75.

THE COLLECTED WORKS OF HARRY STACK SULLIVAN, M.D. Norton. $22.50 to Mar. 22; $27.50 thereafter.

POSTWAR POLISH POETRY. Translated and edited by Czeslaw Milosz. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE SELECTED WORKS OF ALFRED JARRY. Grove. $7.95.

Art

DEVILS, MONSTERS AND NIGHTMARES: An Introduction to the Grotesque and Fantastic in Art. By Howard Daniel. Abelard-Schuman. $12.50.

SPANISH PAINTING: The Golden Century. (Color Slide Program of the World's Art Series.) By Carmen Gomez-Moreno. McGraw-Hill. $8.95.

Churchilliana

CHURCHILL: The Life Triumphant. By the editors of *American Heritage* and United Press International. Simon & Schuster. $3.50.

CHURCHILL: Portrait of Greatness. By Relman Morin. Prentice-Hall. $3.95.

THE CHURCHILL WIT. By Bill Adler. Coward-McCann. $3.

GREAT DESTINY. By Winston Churchill. Putnam. $6.95.

MY DEAR MR. CHURCHILL. By Walter Graebner. Houghton Mifflin. $4.

Crime, Suspense

THE SUPERINTENDENT'S ROOM. By Jeffrey Ashford. Harper & Row. $3.95.

THE TURRET ROOM. By Charlotte Armstrong. Coward-McCann. $4.50.

Current Affairs

DESIGN FOR SURVIVAL. By Gen. Thomas S. Power. Coward-McCann. $5.

EAST ASIA: The Modern Transformation. By Joan K. Fairbank, Edwin O. Reischauer and Albert M. Craig. Houghton Mifflin. $14.75.

THE TARNISHED BADGE. By Ralph Lee Smith. Crowell. $4.95.

Economics

THE BATTLE AGAINST UNEMPLOYMENT. Edited by Arthur M. Okun. Norton. $4.

LABOR AND THE NATIONAL ECONOMY. Edited by William G. Bowen. Norton. $4.

Fiction

AMONG THE CINDERS. By Maurice Shadbolt. Atheneum. $4.50.

THE BALLAD OF THE FLIM-FLAM MAN. By Guy Owen. Macmillan. $4.95.

A CIRCLE IN THE WATER. By James McKimmey. Morrow. $4.95.

THE COOL MERIDIAN. By Sarah Kilpatrick. Abelard-Schuman. $3.95.

DAVID'S STRANGER. By Moshe Shamir. Abelard-Schuman. $4.50.

THE (DIBLOS) NOTEBOOK. By James Merrill. Atheneum. $4.50.

EVEN IN THE DEPTHS. By Winifred Wilkinson. Reynal. $3.95.

THE FIRE WITHIN. By Pierre Drieu La Rochelle. Knopf. $3.95.

THE GARRICK YEAR. By Margaret Drabble. Morrow. $3.95.

THE MECHANICAL PIANO. By Henri-Francois Rey. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $5.95.

THE NINE-TIGER MAN. By Lesley Blanch. Atheneum. $4.50.

ON A DARKENING GREEN. By Jerome Charyn. McGraw-Hill. $4.95.

PERICLES ON 31ST STREET. By Harry Mark Petrakis. Quadrangle. $4.50.

SECOND GENERATION. By Raymond Williams. Horizon. $4.95.

A SPARKLE FROM THE COLD. By Prudence Andrew. Putnam. $4.95.

THREE FOR A WEDDING. By Patte Wheat Mahan. McKay. $3.95.

THE TRAP. By John Knowler. Knopf. $4.95.

THE WOMAN FROM SARAJEVO. By Ivo Andric. Knopf. $5.95.

History

BARBAROSSA: The Russian-German Conflict, 1941-45. By Alan Clark. Morrow. $10.

CONFLICT AND DECISION-MAKING IN SOVIET RUSSIA: A Case Study of Agricultural Policy 1953-1963. By Sidney I. Ploss. Princeton Univ. Press. $6.50.

THE KU KLUX KLAN. By William Pierce Randel. Chilton. $5.95.

THE NAZI SEIZURE OF POWER. By William Sheridan Allen. Quadrangle. $6.95.

THE SOVIET ECONOMY SINCE STALIN. By Harry Schwartz. Lippincott. $5.

Literary Criticism

THE ACT OF THE MIND: Essays on the Poetry of Wallace Stevens. Edited by Roy Harvey Pearce and J. Hillis Miller. Johns Hopkins. $5.95.

JEWS AND AMERICANS. By Irving Malin. Southern Illinois Univ. Press. $4.50.

THE MODERN TRADITION: Backgrounds of Modern Literature. Edited by Richard Ellmann and Charles Feidelson, Jr. Oxford Univ. Press. $13.75.

Miscellany

THE ANTIQUE COLLECTOR'S POCKET BOOK. By G. Bernard Hughes. Hawthorn. $3.95.

THE CASE FOR UNORTHODOX MEDICINE. By Brian Inglis. Putnam. $5.95.

EL LAZARILLO: A Guide for Inexperienced Travelers Between Buenos Aires and Lima. By "Concolorcorvo." Indiana Univ. Press. $7.50.

From Kitchen to Career. By Adele Lewis and Edith Bobroff. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.95.

THE MOTHER TONGUE. By Lancelot Hogben. Norton. $7.50.

(*Continued on page* 34)

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Passenger List for Limbo

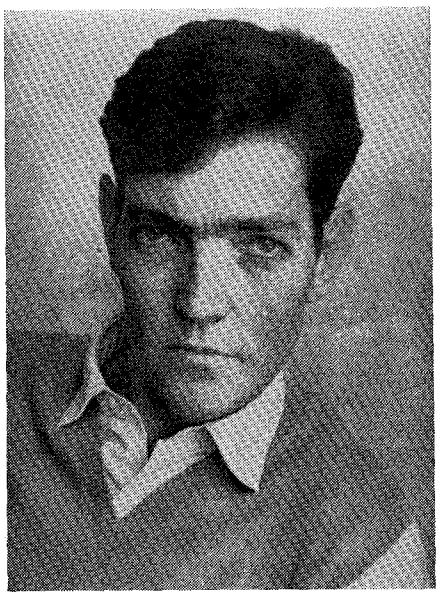
The Winners, *by Julio Cortázar, translated from the Spanish by Elaine Kerrigan (Pantheon. 374 pp. $5.95), treats with comedy and lyricism the quandary of the passengers on a ship bound for nowhere. Latin literature of the Old and New Worlds particularly interests Emile Capouya as a critic.*

By EMILE CAPOUYA

THE LOTTERY is a feature of the natural order in Latin countries, which long ago adopted this method of extracting the expenses of government from the poorest class of the governed. For obvious reasons the official lottery must be like Caesar's wife, on the up and up. And, as a matter of experience, the governments administering the drawings generally find it convenient in this connection to imitate the austere virtue of Calpurnia rather than the more imaginative habits of Messalina. The result is that the lottery takes on the character of a second Fate. If it is unjust, it is impartially so, and can stand as a fit symbol for the changes and chances of this fleeting world.

Julio Cortázar makes the most of that agreeable parallel. The chief characters of *The Winners* have all been told by the Municipal Lottery of Buenos Aires, "I dub thee rich." Better, in place of mere money each has been awarded what amounts to pure privilege without the cares of wealth: an ocean voyage for himself and his guests, all expenses paid. Destination, as it happens, unknown.

Is there a hint of allegory here? Yes, but we need not take the hint. For one thing, the novel develops the atmosphere of a thriller—and that despite philosophical conversations and poetic monologues. And then, even though the references to the voyage of our life are unmistakable, Mr. Cortázar's ship is less a poetic metaphor than a novelist's convenience, like the country house of an earlier generation of writers, and the journey or pilgrimage that is the device of writers old and new. I have the impression that Mr. Cortázar would indeed like us to find some nine levels of meaning in his Human Comedy, but that, with all respect, I must decline to do. Lady Macbeth says damningly of her lord and instrument, "Thou wouldst be great, art not without ambition, but without the illness should attend it." Or so she thinks. Mr. Cortázar, in any case, does lack that final ruthlessness that would permit him to drive his thrusts home, force us to take his story for a chart of the cosmos. There would be no point in berating him for not being able, in this book, to muster the higher artistic amorality, except that he seems to be straining in that direction, and his publisher announces that he has turned the trick. No, Mr. Cortázar is a kind of Latin Aldous Huxley, warmer and more grandiloquent—and that is quite enough.



—*José Gelabert.*

Julio Cortázar—"wildly exuberant."

The winners are instructed to assemble at a well-known café. A city official welcomes them, mentions certain technical difficulties that have been or are being solved, loads them onto buses and takes them to the waterfront, and finally commits them to the care of a captain who does not appear, on a ship that may be a substitute for the one originally chartered, or that may have changed its name. For an interminable twelve hours, the passengers' only contact is with bartenders, stewards, and other very minor dignitaries. The ship, after an all-night run, is still in the roadstead; the passengers are confined, for technical reasons, to the forepart of the vessel. On their insistence, an officer puts in an appearance. He explains that typhus, an obscure and deadly variety of typhus, has manifested itself, or is suspected, among the crew. Matters are under control, restrictions will soon be lifted, the swimming pool will be made ready shortly. Some of the passengers are only too willing to be reassured, but others—the young men, particularly—are suspicious and belligerent. Attempts are made to break through to the after part of the ship, partly to find out the true situation and partly to assert a principle. Then there is violence.

The novel carries an epigraph from Dostoevsky that speaks of the difficulty and the necessity of dealing with ordinary people in works of fiction. Mr. Cortázar seems to have set himself that task, but luckily he understands that ordinary people partake of the miraculous. An adolescent, bashful and boastful; an essentially decent man who has quite callously ditched his girl; a young couple whose bourgeois values jibe alarmingly with their unconventional behavior; a child who is a moral as well as an intellectual prodigy; a lady in the process of becoming or transcending Miss Doris Lessing's free woman; an Argentine Hedda Gabler in the making; a poor devil of a seer; a professional athlete and his proletarian family—these are all good characters, something more than mere types since the author treats them with respect, albeit with a certain ironic detachment. Mr. Cortázar's talent, as revealed in *The Winners*, is chiefly comic and lyrical, and if the lyricism is wildly exuberant, the comedy is in the solid tradition of Latin social realism. All in all, an absorbing novel that sometimes stumbles into portentousness—what with rape, near-rape, murder, and, above all, metaphysics—but a pleasure or a pleasurable irritant throughout.

Miss Elaine Kerrigan's translation is unusually lively, vigorous, and spirited. She has managed to find racy American equivalents for Argentine colloquialisms and a decent English dress for virtuoso flights of Iberian baroque. After which, may I so far indulge the old Adam as to mention that *primer piloto* is nautical Spanish for "first mate," not the obvious and impossible cognate; that the roll of cordage referred to in an evil hour is undoubtedly but a coil of rope; and that *babor* may be rendered as "larboard" only if one is prepared to carry on with "I trow," "it skills not," and "eftsoons"?

AT THIS ADVANCED hour of the evening on the prow of the ship, unconnected intuitions slide along the precarious surface of conscience; they search for incarnation, and for this reason they bribe the word which will concretize them in that disorderly conscience; they surge like remnants of phrases, like declensions and contradictory cases occurring amid an expanding whirlwind, fed by hope, terror, and happiness.

—*From the book.*

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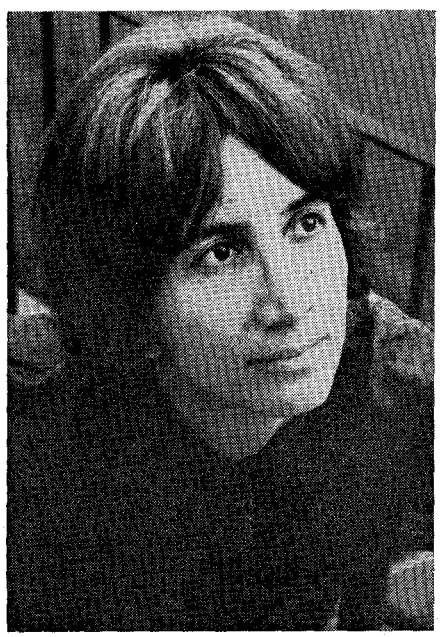
The Art of Adolescence

***Rage,** by Lorenza Mazzetti, translated from the Italian by Isabel Quigley (McKay. 221 pp. $3.95), limns in postwar Italy a female counterpart to Holden Caulfield. Eleanor Perry wrote the script for the film "David and Lisa."*

By ELEANOR PERRY

LORENZA MAZZETTI's second novel, *Rage,* is the best, the truest novel about the adolescence of the female I have ever read. I say this as one who was, long ago, an adolescent herself (do memories of any other period in one's life remain so vivid?) and whose daughter was an adolescent only yesterday. Reading *Rage* one experiences not a mere shock of recognition but a thunderbolt of recognition. Without being, in story or setting, in any way similar to *The Catcher in the Rye, Rage* is as honest a revelation of the young female as that justly classic book is of the young male.

The narrator of *Rage* is Penny, an Italian girl growing up in postwar Florence. Torn between a longing to be adored by everyone and an urge to do away with everyone, Penny is clingingly dependent and swaggeringly defiant. She is curious about sex but contemptuous of boys. Refusing to take "it just isn't done" for an answer, Penny questions every convention of polite society; she questions Sin and Death and Love and the existence of God.



—*Jerry Bauer.*

Lorenza Mazzetti—"a thunderbolt."

The only thing she doesn't question is the mutual love between herself and her younger sister, Baby. As children they had watched the Nazis massacre their family. Now they have only each other. They are united against the whole world. It is to Baby that Penny confesses she has lost her belief in God. Baby has doubts too. Penny is not sure she believes in Sin. Baby's not sure either. They agree that everyone they know is "atrophied," haven't an idea in their heads except a better car and better clothes. They promise each other they will not get atrophied because they have a mission to carry out.

Penny rants and rages through this year of her life. Guilt-ridden because the Nazis spared her, she invents firing squads on every corner to test her willingness to die. She reads everything from Baudelaire to Kafka, sees herself as Hamlet full of revenge, as poor Shelley washed up by the sea. She writes poems. She suffers secret nightmares about sex.

Her rebellious energy leads her into escapades that would make any nice bourgeois girl faint. She is hilariously funny and terribly appealing. She has opinions about everything she sees and everyone she meets. Because she has refused to conform, to be a victim of hypocrisy, her opinions are, above all, honest. Penny sees through phoniness as Holden Caulfield does. And no matter what happens she knows she has Baby, who will listen, understand, adore her forever.

Then the terrible day comes when Baby falls in love with a young student, and suddenly Penny is thrust out of her life. The pages here about Penny's reaction to this betrayal are lyrical in their intensity and, like the rest of her narrative, totally recognizable. (Which one of us has not been betrayed in our adolescence by someone we loved?)

In her loneliness and despair Penny pursues a young American named Milton. But Milton proves a traitor too. And in the end Penny leaves her childhood ("when the saints wore halos") forever behind. She addresses the dead ones: "I hadn't done justice but I hadn't betrayed you either. I hadn't sat down and made myself comfortable. I hadn't cowered, shed a skin, or married. I hadn't yet fallen into the great lethargy right-thinking people call sensible."

Lorenza Mazzetti is said to be working on an additional novel about Penny. One awaits it with great expectations and the certainty of brilliance ahead.

Freud at Puck's Fair: Poet-biographer Muriel Rukeyser has chosen a traditional West Ireland fair as the setting for her first novel. *The Orgy* (Coward-McCann, $4.50) is a curious work—oscillating between flights of self-analytical musing and a kind of socio-philosophic commentary. The locale and *dramatis personae* are arresting: pagan Ireland resurrected and glorified once a year—Irish rustics and sophisticates, even her elusive, mysterious Gypsies, all convene for the orgy. Alas, they do not speak for themselves. Miss Rukeyser's sieve is so fine only shadows and phantoms emerge. The interesting, coarser stuff is discarded.

On the other hand, we do hear a little about psychoanalysis among the Hibernians. An English-born, Dublin-practicing analyst quotes a colleague on Freud, Jung, and the coming Irish Jesuit-Dominican synthesis. The coronation of King Puck (a male goat), the climactic moment of the fair, unleashes a veritable cascade of *Golden Bough*-ish reflection. We are told of the mob, the repressed violence and hysteria, but the excitement is never realized literarily.

The author is given to offering both revelations and conundrums. One is profound. Having tasted the wine of the country, "all other whisky is the shadow of Powers." I agree.

—SEAN CALLERY.

Rebel in Texas: Almost before he knows it, Benjamin Capps is going to be in the first rank of novelists chronicling the world of the old Southwestern cattlemen. Indeed, on the basis of last year's *The Trail to Ogallala* and, now, *Sam Chance* (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $4.95), he might be said already to have arrived at that position. *The Trail* was a virtually day-by-day account, authentic and vital, of a trail drive north from Texas in the heyday of the longhorns. *Sam Chance* is more ambitious stuff: the year-by-year story of a young Tennesseean, lately of the Confederate Army, who heads off for Texas to make a new life after the war's end. Slowly building a small cattle outfit into a dominion within a dominion, he deals honestly with his friends and forcefully with his foes—among the latter some unsentimentally viewed Indians and some scornfully viewed newcomers, who traditionally follow pioneers at a safe distance. Mr. Capps does not simply set down a narrative, solid as that narrative is. He restores a time and place with an authority that leaves a reader saying that it simply had to be like this.

—JOHN K. HUTCHENS.

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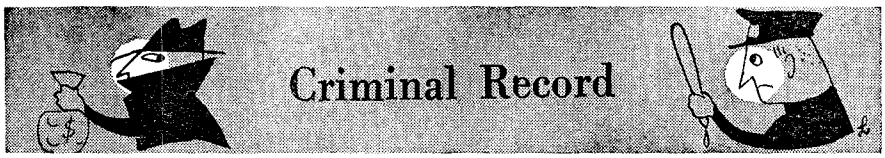

For Kicks. *By Dick Francis. Harper & Row.* $3.95. Australian stud-farm operator flies to England to look into horse-doping racket; has himself a real wild time. A top-notch job, even better than author's previous *Nerve.*

To Catch a Spy. *Edited and introduced by Eric Ambler. Atheneum.* $4.50. The distinguished editor properly includes himself in this septet of espionage tales by (to name the rest) Buchan, Fleming, Gilbert, Greene, MacKenzie, Maugham. *Crême de la crême.*

Passport to Oblivion. *By James Leasor. Lippincott.* $3.95. English country doctor, tapped for Mideast espionage chore, takes on all comers; world-wide coverage here. Beautifully detailed and documented performance; more adventures are promised (goody-goody!).

Echo Answers Murder. *By Nigel Fitzgerald. Macmillan.* $3.95. Supt. Duffy of Cork area toils overtime to solve killings on ancestral acres; few Irish eyes smile here. Excellent background, dialogue, characterization.

Queens Full. *By Ellery Queen. Random House.* $3.95. Somnolent Wrightsville, New England, comes to life with a bang in the two longest tales in this five-storied compendium by the world's most widely read criminographical consortium.

Trusted Like the Fox. *By Sara Woods. Harper & Row.* $3.95. That worriful but capable barrister Antony Maitland tackles another case (treason this time) that produces a tense, suspenseful, gripping trial. Author scores heavily once more.

The Case of the Troubled Trustee. *By Erle Stanley Gardner. Morrow.* $3.50. Perry Mason plays to the gallery and holes out in one when lovesick investment counselor confronts murder rap. Bang-bang windup to this one (which is 75th PM tale).

An Embarrassing Death. *By Roderic Jeffries. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Office party in British motors plant ends in tragedy; junior exec on spot in lively trial. Pace accelerates nicely.

Fellow Traveler. *By David Montross. Crime Club.* $3.95. CIA Agent Paul Gillespie covers much ground and water (Lisbon, Cairo, Beirut, Athens, Black Sea ports) in huge espionage interplay; Yank gal a problem. Who's on whose side is basic here.

The Fugitive Pigeon. *By Donald E. Westlake. Random House.* $3.95. Youthful Brooklyn barkeep lams when pair of armed plug-uglies announce his imminent demise; the rest is a book-long chase, with variations. Rather intricate whimsey.

The Perfect Murder. *By H. R. F. Keating. Dutton.* $3.95. Insp. Ghote of Bombay police, conceding bafflement when summoned to home of Lala Arun Varde (Lala equals VIP), comes through with "a triumph of the incompetent." Witty and ingenious.

The Girl Nobody Knows. *By Mark McShane. Crime Club.* $3.50. Peeper Norman Pink, ex-detective on Birmingham (Eng.) force, seeks identity of eight-year-old lass killed in railway smash twelve years previously; ancient homicide is revealed. Highly unusual and heartwarming.

The Main Experiment. *By Christopher Hodder-Williams. Putnam.* $4.95. Young English physicist, assigned to new nuclear facility, finds all is not as it seems; horror takes over as mytrons pullulate; love finds a way. Has nice air of authenticity.

The Royston Affair. *By D. M. Devine. Dodd, Mead.* $3.50. Murder of lawyer in English market town stirs up hornets' nest; local cops somewhat on the timid side; phone calls from Canada have bearing. Cast is abundant.

Progeny of the Adder. *By Leslie H. Whitten. Crime Club.* $3.50. All is not quiet along the Potomac as river yields three successive female corpses to Washington cops; terror piles on terror and Homicide Detective Harry Picard goes sleepless. *Dracula* updated, with fine chases.

The Cave of the Chinese Skeletons. *By Jack Seward. Tuttle.* $3.50. Curt Stone, Yank investigator in Tokyo, trails war loot cache to mountain fastness on percentage basis; rough play all the way. Fine picture of postwar Japan is nice bonus.

A Quiet Game of Bambu. *By Roger Couze. Translated by Francis Price. Crime Club.* $3.50. Skiing death in French Alps brings holidaying Insp. Paul Colson into action (was it murder?); card game had previously been played (the rules are given). Ingenious puzzler (and you might enjoy a go at bambu). —SERGEANT CUFF.

"Next week I'll see how the other half lives; Mother is letting me visit my father."

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Spring Brings the Winners

By ALICE DALGLIESH

MARCH is the month that brings us the excitement of the Newbery-Caldecott medal awards. A release from the American Library Association reads in part:

> Maia Wojciechowska, author of *Shadow of a Bull*, and Beni Montresor, illustrator of *May I Bring a Friend?*, have been named winners of the ALA Newbery and Caldecott awards for the most distinguished children's books published in 1964. Both books were published by Atheneum.
>
> Miss Wojciechowska is a recognized authority on bullfighting, a writer since the age of sixteen and a world traveler.
>
> Beni Montresor is an internationally renowned scene designer and illustrator. One of his previous picture books served as a basis for a San Francisco Ballet Company production by the same name, *The Witches of Venice*, to be premiered at the New York State Theatre in 1965. His Caldecott award-winning book was written by Beatrice Schenk de Regniers.
>
> Runner up for the Newbery medal is *Across Five Aprils*, by Irene Hunt, published by Follett.
>
> Runners up for the Caldecott medal are: *Rain Makes Applesauce*, illustrated by Marvin Bileck, written by Julian Scheer, and published by Holiday House; *The Wave*, illustrated by Blair Lent, written by Margaret Hodges, and published by Houghton Mifflin; and *A Pocketful of Cricket*, illustrated by Evaline Ness, written by Rebecca Caudhill, and published by Holt, Rinehart & Winston.

When the award-winners are announced it is always interesting to go back and see what was said about them earlier in these pages. In the article "Stars in the Picture Book Sky" [*SR*, Nov. 11, 1961] we wrote: "This season there seem to be no bright new stars except the Italian artist Beni Montresor, a stage designer who did his first picture book last year. . . . His work is certainly something to watch."

In view of the Caldecott award I feel justified in adding that the pictures in *May I Bring a Friend?* are not Beni Montresor's best, though they may be more childlike than some of his spectacular ones. Possibly the story had a good deal to do with the choice of this book because it is one that little children will listen to more than once. One cannot, however, help feeling that the rhymes are somewhat derivative. Small children will know nothing of this, of course, but will gladly share the King and Queen's cozy home life as well as the antics of the animals that came to tea.

Incidentally, why are our youngest Americans supposed to be so fond of royalty? The last two seasons have brought us an extraordinary crop of kings, queens, princes, and princesses. So enthusiastic are our authors and artists in presenting these that it comes as a shock to see in our newspapers two little girls looking at President Johnson with as much delight as if he were a king. The President is at his best under such circumstances. He regards children with warm affection.

—*From "May I Bring a Friend?"*

—*From "Shadow of a Bull."*

THE choice for the Newbery medal is a happy one. Although I take a negative view of bullfights and no one could possibly drag me to one, I read the book twice at one sitting. While it is about much more than bullfighting, it helps us to understand the Spanish and Mexican enthusiasm for a cruel spectator sport, and to acknowledge that in our own country some of us have a love for cruel spectator sports (a newspaper recently characterized a heavyweight title boxing match as "exciting brutality"). Perhaps the hero's rejection of violence and killing had something to do with the choice of *Shadow of a Bull*. It is a book to be read and discussed by today's young people, and their reactions to it will be most interesting. Certainly the book will be read by a large number of them.

Among the new spring books from Atheneum we notice Maia Wojciechowska's *Odyssey of Courage: The Story of Alvar Núñez Cabeza de Vaca*, which will be covered in April. This month I have selected for review some seasonal books that might be passed over, as well as a few of the "little" books that are so popular. Freely purchased to be sent to adults or children as spring greeting cards, these titles usually prove profitable to bookstores.

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The Bunny's Nutshell Library. *By Robert Kraus. Harper & Row.* 48 *pp.*, 32 *pp.*, 32 *pp.*, 48 *pp.* $2.95 *per boxed set of 4 books.* While these four tiny books in pastel colors will serve as a pleasant Easter "card" for children and childlike adults, they can in no way compare with the first Nutshell Library, with its spontaneous pictures and text by Maurice Sendak. The pictures are dainty and pretty, the text frail. The titles are *Springfellows Parade, Juniper, The Silver Dandelion, The First Robin.* Children will find the gaily colored box most attractive and will wear out the little books taking them in and out.

Le Vilain Chat *(The Mischievous Cat). By Denise and Alain Trez. World.* 64 *pp.* $1.95. A companion to *Le Petit Chien*, whose story was also told in French and in English, this lively little book gets a cat into more hot water than you'd think possible. Finally the other animals take a hand, and the cat reforms. For private schools or individual children studying French.

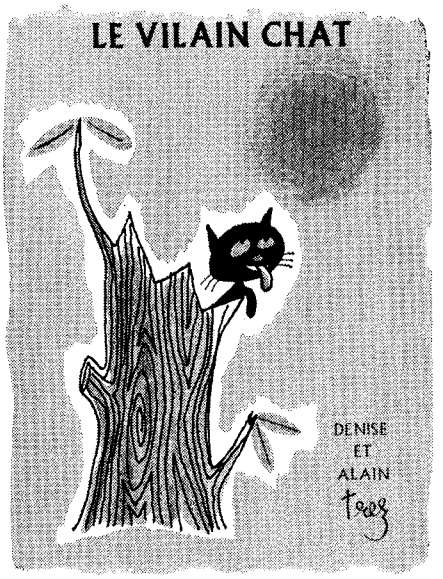
It's Nice to Be Little. *By John Stanley. Illustrated by Jean Tamburine. Rand McNally.* 32 *pp.* $2.75. Nowadays children in books "grow up" too soon, but those in this one enjoy being young. They do, however, want to be big also. Wishing to be big enough to run into the street after a ball is a dubious pastime; fortunately, the children only think about it and refrain from action. Ages 3-6.

The Naughty Boy. *A poem by John Keats. Illustrated by Ezra Jack Keats. Viking.* 30 *pp.* $2.25.

There was a naughty Boy,
A naughty boy was he.
He would not stop at home,
He could not quiet be

A strange little poem written by Keats (no relation to the artist) to his fifteen-year-old sister is here given lively, decorative pictures in two-color collage. Some of the pictures have great charm, especially for

—*From "The Naughty Boy."*



—*From "Le Vilain Chat."*

older children or adults; others seem sacrificed to interest in technique. Nevertheless, the general effect is pleasing. A highly individual gift for any season of the year. All ages.

Hide and Seek Fog. *By Alvin Tresselt. Illustrated by Roger Duvoisin. Lothrop, Lee & Shepard.* 30 *pp.* $3.50. A companion volume to this author and artist's *White Snow Bright Snow*, this is even more successful in bringing to children the misty feeling of a fog that settled down on a Cape Cod village and transformed it for three days. Young people in coastal towns and villages, or the cities so often blanketed by fog or smog, will find special meaning in the book.

Its pictures differ in style from the artist's usual ones. There are misty figures of children and adults moving with the grace of a ballet through the fog. There are also brightly colored scenes indoors by the fire and outdoors when the sun returns. Ages 5-8.

This Is Ireland. *By M. Sasek. Macmillan.* 60 *pp.* $2.95. There are a few spectacular pictures here—along with touristy ones that adults will enjoy, but M. Sasek's eleventh picture guidebook holds less interest for children than some of his others. However, Sasek's many fans will probably welcome it. Ages (hopefully) 8-80.

A Treasury of Irish Saints. *By John Irvine. Drawings by Ruth Brandt. Walck.* 38 *pp.* $3. The black and white drawings in this charming book—printed in the U.S. but first published in the Republic of Ireland—completely suit the verse by an Irish poet. St. Patrick has three poems, but my favorite is "Invocation to Saint Bride," which begins:

Dear Saint Brigid of The Kine
Bless these little fields of mine,
The pastures and the shady trees,
Bless the cows with coats of silk
and the brimming pails of milk.

All ages (not small children).

The Story of William Penn. *By Aliki. Illustrated by the author. Prentice-Hall.* 32 *pp.* $3.25. Many seem to find Aliki's "primitive art" approach to history most alluring; others are less entranced by what is becoming more and more a definite mannerism: all the people have small legs. Nevertheless, this is one of the best of her biographies for very young children. It does not attempt to compress Penn's whole life into a limited number of pages, but concentrates mainly on his Quaker beliefs and his effort to live in peace and brotherhood with the Indians. Ages 4-8.

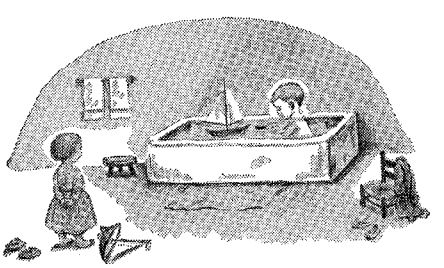
The Art of the Eskimo. *By Shirley Glubok. Designed by Oscar Kraus. Harper & Row.* 48 *pp.* $3.95. This is another of Shirley Glubok's handsome books presenting the art of primitive peoples and early civilizations as seen through examples in museums. A little variation in the books, a little more explanatory text might perhaps make them twice as interesting to children. Ages 6-9.

Lotte's Locket. *By Virginia Sorensen. Illustrated by Fermin Rocker. Harcourt, Brace & World.* 253 *pp.* $3.50. When Lotte's mother decides to marry an American, Lotte reacts passionately against the prospect of going to live in the United States. For a time she stays behind, and through her eyes the reader sees home and school life in Denmark. Lotte finally adjusts to the situation and accepts her stepfather. Although it is a curious mixture of "travel" and family situation book, *Lotte's Locket* is alive with interest. Ages 10-12.

The Secrets of Tutankhamen's Tomb. *By Leonard Cottrell. Drawings by Raymond Cruz. Photographs. New York Graphic Society.* 139 *pp.* $4.50. No one who lived through the days of the finding of "King Tut's" tomb will ever forget the drama as played daily and weekly by the newspapers. There is some of it in this handsome book, which gives much detail about the young pharaoh and his pathetic little love affair, Egyptian life, and elaborate burial rituals. The many young people who will be interested may want to read a wider-ranging treatment by Mr. Cottrell: *Digs and Diggers: A Book of World Archaeology* (World, $4.95). Young people.

Beyond the Sugar Cane Field: UNICEF in Asia. *By Louisa R. Shotwell. World.* 96 *pp.* $3.50. It is important to present the work of UNICEF to children. In this book, by means of composite narratives, the author of *Roosevelt Grady* sympathetically shows us a group of Asian children helped by the organization.

It seems incredible that in certain states the work of UNICEF is actively campaigned against by groups who try to force libraries to remove books about the organization. There is every reason for librarians to stand firm. Young people.



—*From "It's Nice to Be Little."*

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Checklist

Continued from page 28

MY WAR WITH THE 20TH CENTURY. By Pierre Berton. Doubleday. $4.50.

THE SHELLFISH COOKBOOK. By Marian Tracy. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.95.

THREE COINS IN THE BIRDBATH. By Jack Smith. Doubleday. $4.50.

Music

A HISTORY OF OPERA IN THE AMERICAN WEST. By Ronald L. Davis. Prentice-Hall. $4.95.

Personal History

ALY. By Leonard Slater. Random House. $4.95.

ATATURK: A Biography of Mustafa Kemal, Father of Modern Turkey. By Lord Kinross. Morrow. $7.50.

AT THE EDGE OF HARLEM: Portrait of a Middle-Class Negro Family. By Edward Wakin. Morrow. $6.

THE AVAILABLE MAN: The Life Behind the Masks of Warren Gamaliel Harding. By Andrew Sinclair. Macmillan. $6.95.

BE ALL MY SINS REMEMBERED. By Viscount Churchill. Coward-McCann. $5.

BISMARCK. By Werner Richter. Putnam. $6.95.

DAVID: The Story of Ben-Gurion. By Maurice Edelman. Putnam. $4.95.

DEAR BELLE: Letters from a Cadet and Officer to His Sweetheart, 1858-1865. Edited with narration by Catherine S. Crary. Wesleyan Univ. Press. $5.95.

THE G.I. JOURNAL OF SERGEANT GILES. Compiled and edited by Janice Holt Giles. Houghton Mifflin. $5.95.

I HOLD THE HEIGHTS. By Peter Mulgrew. Doubleday. $4.95.

JOURNEY TO THE MOREA. By Nikos Kazantzakis. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

LINCOLN'S SCAPEGOAT GENERAL: A Life of Benjamin F. Butler, 1818-1893. By Richard S. West., Jr. Houghton Mifflin. $7.50.

THE OTHER MR. CHURCHILL. By MacDonald Hastings. Dodd, Mead. $5.

PRINCESS MARGARET. By Dennis Bardens. Abelard-Schuman. $4.50.

SAM WARD: "King of the Lobby." By Lately Thomas. Houghton Mifflin. $6.95.

Psychology

DIBS: In Search of Self. By Virginia M. Axline. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.

Religion, Philosophy

BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH. By Helmut Thielicke. Harper & Row. $3.75.

DEATH AND IDENTITY. Edited by Robert Fulton. John Wiley. $6.95.

DECISION AT DAWN. By Chulho Awe. Harper & Row. $3.95.

RELATIONSHIP AND SOLITUDE. By Peter Munz. Wesleyan Univ. Press. $6.50.

SCIENCE AND HUMAN VALUES. By J. Bronowski. Harper & Row. $3.

—Compiled by RUTH BROWN.

The Osprey's Nest

By David Wagoner

THE osprey's nest has dropped of its own weight
After years, breaking everything under it, collapsing
Out of the sky like the wreckage of the moon,
Having killed its branch and rotted its lodgepole:
A flying cloud of fishbones tall as a man,
A shambles of dead storms ten feet across.
Uncertain what holds anything together,
Ospreys try everything—fishnets and broomsticks,
Welcome-mats and pieces of scarecrows,
Sheep bones, shells, the folded wings of mallards—
And heap up generations till they topple.
In the nest the young ones, calling fish to fly
Over the water toward them in old talons,
Thought only of hunger diving down their throats
To the heart, not letting go—(not letting go,
Ospreys have washed ashore, ruffled and calm
But drowned, their claws embedded in salmon).
They saw the world was bones and curtain-rods,
Hay-wire and cornstalks—rubble put to bed
And glued into meaning by large appetites.
Living on top of everything that mattered,
The fledglings held it in the air with their eyes,
With awkward claws groping the ghosts of fish.
Last night they slapped themselves into the wind
And cried across the rain, flopping for comfort
Against the nearest branches, baffled by leaves
And the blank darkness falling below their breasts.
Where have they gone? The nest, now heaped on the bank,
Has come to earth smelling as high as heaven.

Book Letters

Continued from page 24

the article. My purpose was to introduce a controversial figure, not to judge him.

HASKEL FRANKEL.
New York, N.Y.

Belittled Boot

NOW THAT *The Italians*, by Luigi Barzini [*SR*, Oct. 17, 1964], is apparently solidly entrenched on the best-seller lists, the natural query arises: Why? The answer is not necessarily that the book conveys pleasure or even reliable information. The answer resides in two words: "The Italians." Americans of Italian origin would inevitably be attracted to that title, as Irishmen would be attracted to a book called "The Irish." Italian-Americans who can afford $6.95, and can conveniently do so, buy Barzini's book, only to be offended by its contents. The author characterizes Italians as poseurs, cowards, brutes; he belittles Italy, its scenery, customs. But the book has been sold, it cannot be returned, the sale is added to other sales, and the best-seller list is achieved.

Barzini's book is really not about Italians. The breed Barzini describes is a creation of his own startling imagination. Think of a 395-page book on Italians which says nothing about Leonardo da Vinci, Marconi, Vespucci, or Mazzini, except to list them in a footnote! Think of a book which lampoons Italian soldiery and completely ignores Vittorio Veneto, one of the greatest military victories of all times! Think of a book which caricatures the love of Italian mothers for their children!

Barzini has offended not only Italians but all those who know from association that the Italian people merit a more respectful and dignified treatment than that accorded them by Luigi Barzini.

MICHAEL A. MUSMANNO,
Justice, Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.
Pittsburgh, Pa.

Flippancy

CHARLES MILLER'S review of *Consciencism*, by Kwame Nkrumah [*SR*, March 6], is unworthy of a magazine like *Saturday Review*. . . . Surely the questions of socialism versus capitalism and independence versus colonialism are grave enough to deserve more than such flippancy. Aren't we the guardians of freedom and democracy, which means looking seriously at both sides of the issues of our time?

YVONNE PAPPENHEIM.
Cambridge, Mass.

Nonsoporifics

CONSIDERING THE PANOPLY of soporifics in which many book reviews are wrapped, it was a relief to have Cecil Hemley audaciously refer to the best-seller *Hurry Sundown* [*SR*, March 6] as "doughy, pretentious, boring" and document his review with several judicious paragraphs.

DAVID ANTMAN.
Forest Hills, N.Y.

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The day New York almost vanished

It didn't happen all at once.
They did it very gradually.
"We can't alarm the people!" they said.
So they removed a little house here. And a great hotel there. And then a few limestone banks and all the cast-iron store fronts they could find. And very quietly one night they stole a railroad station and buried it in New Jersey.

A few people grumbled.
Some found temporary shelter at The Dakota when Park Avenue disappeared. Others moved to Westchester. And some completely disillusioned out-of-towners went to Philadelphia instead. But most people were complacent. Until the day they discovered that their city had been entirely replaced with glass.

Then they complained. But it was too late.
So the faces of the city grew grimmer than they had ever been before. Clocks stopped. And the glass began to crack.

Soon after this on one ghastly glittering morning, an observant executive walking to work paused on Fifth Avenue at Fifty-Ninth Street to clean his heavy dark goggles. Squinting, he looked around. And gasped!

There was The Plaza where he had always remembered it. "It can't be!" he said and rubbed his eyes. He looked again. "It *is* there!" he said. And ran to work.

He called his wife.
"We'll go there tonight, before it's too late. Don't tell anyone!" he hissed. So she only told her very best friend. Soon everyone knew.

Crowds gathered. They wandered in the lobbies. They caressed the marble, admired the gilded cherubs. And the caryatids in the Palm Court where palms still swayed. They feasted in the baronial splendor of the Edwardian Room. And discussed mergers over martinis and lunch in the Oak Bar.

That night, they danced to ***real*** music again in the Persian Room. And laughed with Julius Monk in his red velvet world at PLaza 9-. The lucky ones who had made reservations retired upstairs, to spacious rooms where they were waited on hand and foot by manicurists and podiatrists and chambermaids and valets and waiters with trays and florists with roses. They loved it.

After all, people of taste are like everybody else. They're very grateful when great demands are met. And incurably sentimental.

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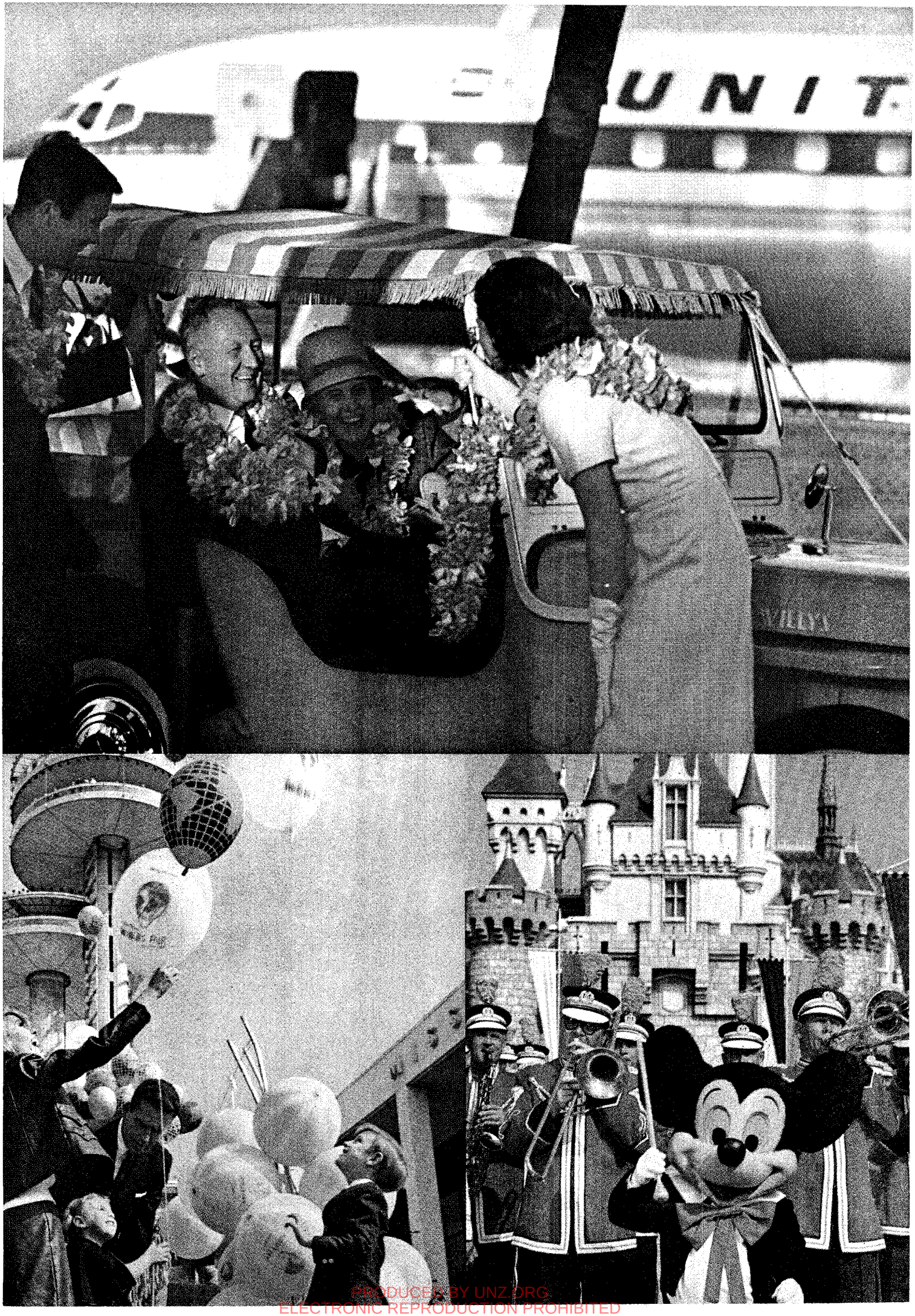

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San Francisco and Northern California. Here you can eat your way around the world. See a square-rigger sailing ship, Chinatown, live buffalo, gold nuggets, cable cars, redwood country, and more.

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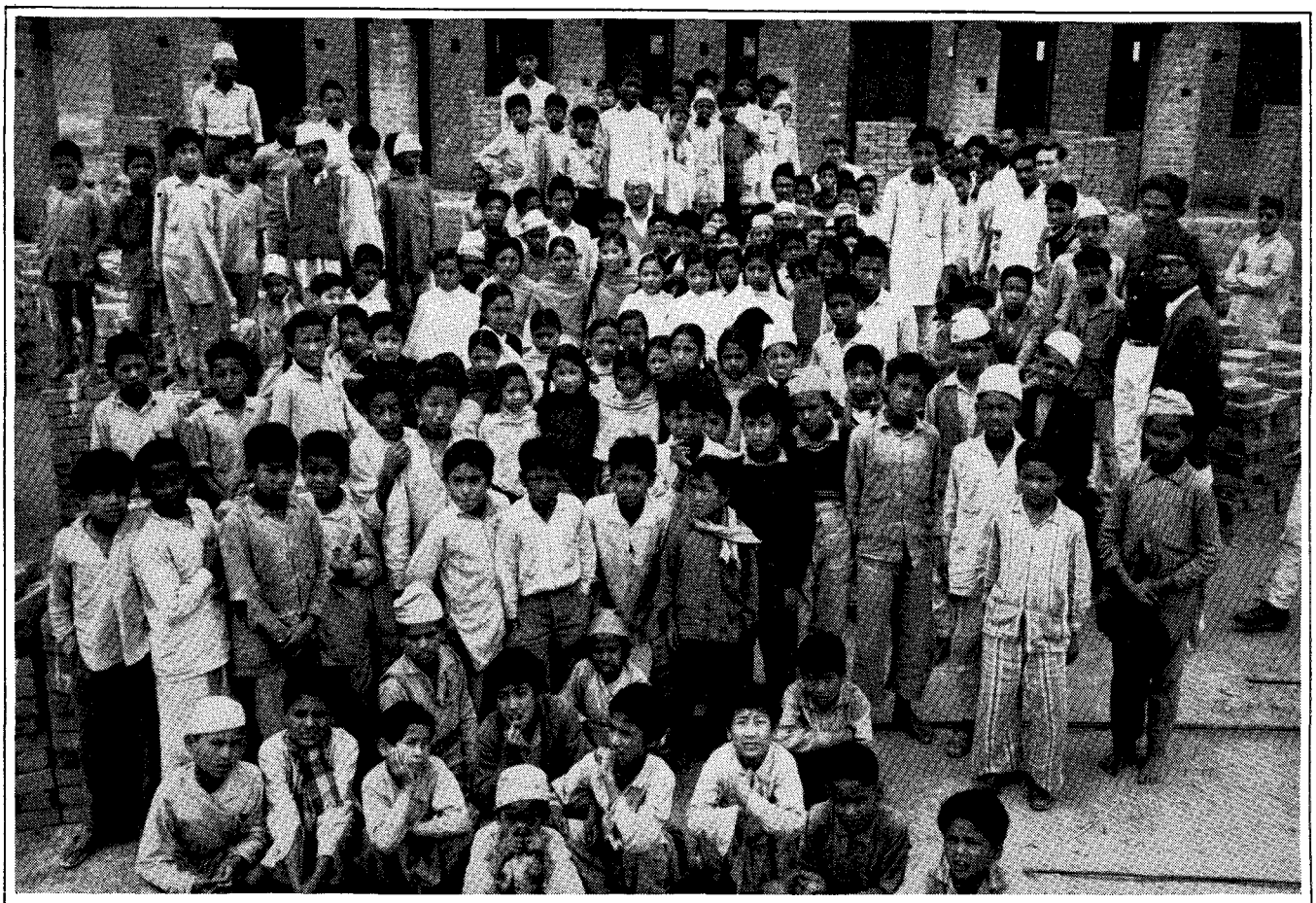

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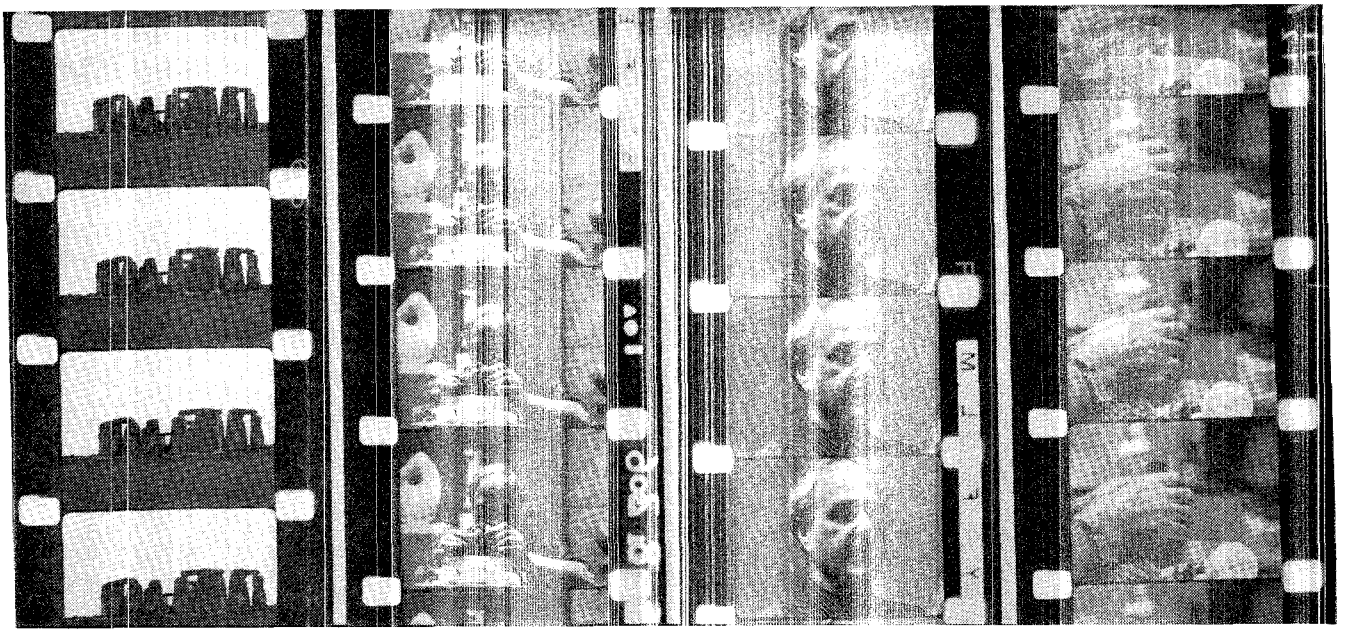
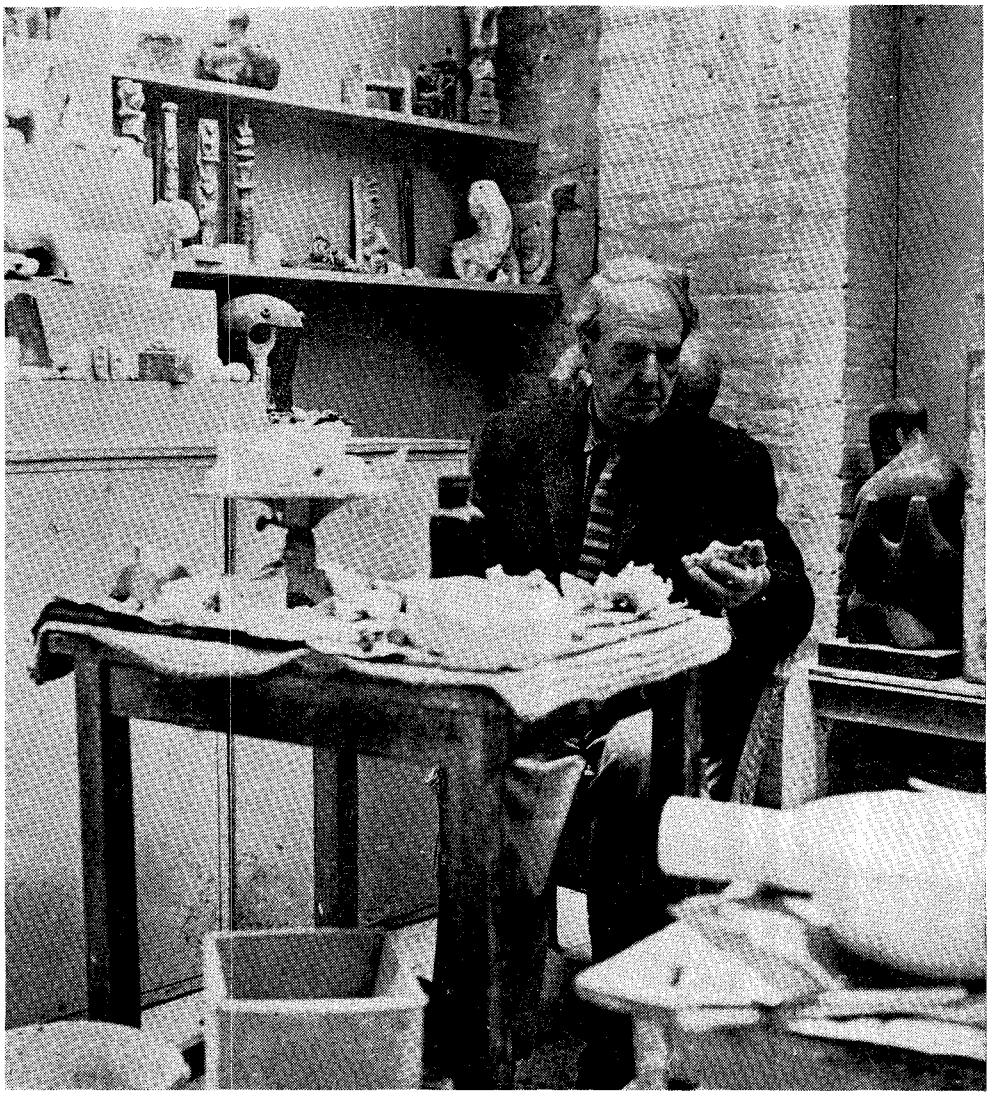


Film strip shows Henry Moore "working and talking" in his Much Hadham studio. (Stonehenge view at left introduces this segment of Forma's documentary.)

SIGHT, SOUND, AND SUBSTANCE



Henry Moore—"A sculptor is a person obsessed with the form and the shape of things. . . . Within five or ten minutes of being in that little room there will be something that I can pick up or look at that will give me a start for a new idea."

By MARGARET R. WEISS

AT FIRST GLANCE, *Five British Sculptors Work and Talk* would seem as straightforward and informative a title as one could ask for. But any mention of it today is likely to be met with a question or two. Is it the book published by Grossman, or the documentary film scheduled for TV showing here and abroad? Is it the record album just released by Caedmon? Or the current photography show at the IBM Gallery in New York?

Actually, *Five British Sculptors Work and Talk* is all of these. And all represent the work of Warren Forma, a versatile photographer-producer who obviously knows how to get mileage out of footage, as well as out of the fire-engine red station wagon that sped him and a stockpile of equipment across the British countryside.

Master of both documentary technique and modest understatement, he sums up his extremely productive venture in a single sentence: "I went to England with a tape recorder and some cameras to capture the ideas and thinking of five British sculptors." (A requested checklist of equipment was never completed, but a memo notes these items: "Arriflex camera, tripod, lights, zoom lenses, filters, batteries, case filled with Ektachrome film, EM-1 Newscaster recorder, extra tapes, 2 Minoltas, tripods, meters, cords. . . .")

Thus armed, Forma literally stormed the castle—in this case, Dick Whittington's in the Cotswolds—now occupied by Lynn Chadwick; called on Kenneth Armitage in his London carriage-house;

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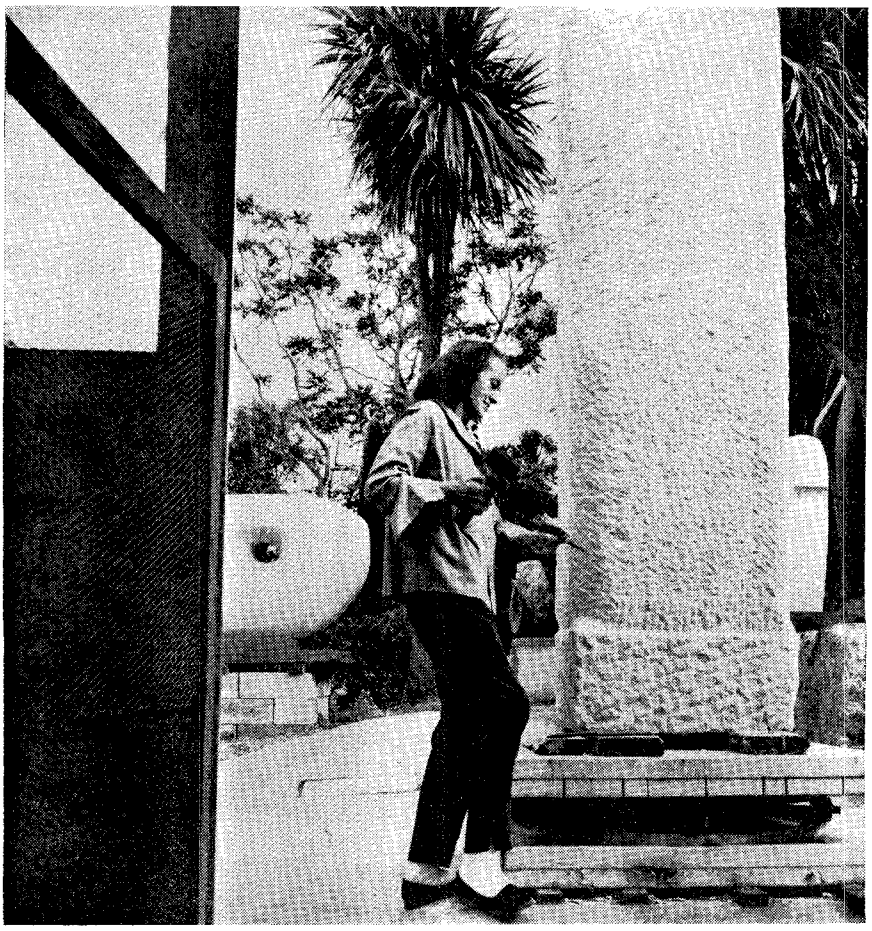

Barbara Hepworth—". . . the left hand, as it were, does all the thinking, holding the chisel, and the right is merely a motor. . . ."

tracked down Reg Butler in the four-studio sanctuary that has been part of the local Berkhamsted scene since 1000 A.D.; negotiated Hertfordshire's tricky forked roads to visit Henry Moore at Much Hadham; headed southwestward to Cornwall and the artists' colony of St. Ives, where he found Barbara Hepworth at work in a storybook setting of tropical foliage, roses, and mammoth slabs of Italian limestone.

AT the end of six weeks Forma came home with 5,000 feet of exposed movie film, 350 stills in color and black-and-white, and a half-dozen five-inch reels of tape. Happily, he was able to report, "Instead of British reserve I found an outgoing, relaxed air in which each artist gave freely of his or her work and life, without hesitation. . . . Their homes melded with their studios, their egos with their work, their work with their lives."

The talk recorded was good talk, filled with insights into the individual artists' feelings and work patterns, into the effects of locale and landscape and light. Not even arrival of tea, intrusion of one of the children or a pet corgi, or an impromptu sample of strawberries from the greenhouse seemed able to disrupt

Reg Butler—". . . I haven't ever found a way of working other than in considerable privacy, and I go to quite considerable lengths to ensure that. Even when I work outside, I surround myself with a kind of glorified playpen in which I work."

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the continuous flow of talk or thought.

Warren Forma is a skilled editor, too. Three months later, this taped "thinking aloud" was neatly segmented into soundtrack for his film, text for his book, and material for the record album. The movie footage had to be cut to less than 1,000 feet for 27½ minutes of playing time; just sixty-eight photos were handpicked for the book; three hours' worth of tape was edited down to one hour for the disc.

If it is true that 90 per cent of our knowledge of the world around us comes from visual and 8 per cent from auditory data, Forma has gone far toward informing us about an impressive quintet of creators. The exhibit at the IBM Gallery, though, goes a step further: it adds data to stimulate the tactile sense as well. In this triple-play strategy of sight, sound, and touch, original "in-the-flesh" works by the five sculptors are presented along with the Forma photographs and tape recordings.

There is much to be said for this confluent sensory appeal to perception and understanding. And as one accustomed to mixed media and alert to the uses of diversity, Warren Forma is the first to agree: "After all, if you look, listen, and feel, you're bound to *see*!"

Kenneth Armitage—"With all sculpture, light and shade and the effect of light on shapes are of great importance. . . ."

Lynn Chadwick—"I like to go into my studio without thinking too much about what I am going to do. I like to work as directly as possible. . . ."

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Twenty-three Seconds in Tuscaloosa

A WHITE reporter from the North interviewing a chief of police in the Deep South is a familiar commodity on the air. Such an interview becomes slightly more arresting when the Northern reporter happens to be a girl; but when the Southern chief of police and the white girl reporter from the North are father and daughter, you have a compelling broadcast situation. Listeners to WBAI-FM, the Pacifica Foundation's radio station in New York, encountered the experience recently in the first of a series of five programs, *You Must Go Home Again*, produced by Marcia Tompkins, the station's folio editor, in her initial program effort. The producer's home is Tuscaloosa, Alabama, and her father was formerly the city's police chief. She went home not long ago, plumped down a tape recorder in the living room, and asked her father for his views on the racial situation generally and in Tuscaloosa particularly. After seven seconds of silence, Mr. Tompkins emitted a vigorous "Well!" After eight more seconds of dead air, he sighed. After another eight seconds of the most pregnant pausing I have ever heard, he answered: "I would just as soon you'd leave the whole business alone." It was a moment of dramatic tension, charged with subtle, clashing emotions. For any listener, whether a racist or a civil rights advocate, the family conversation that preceded and followed these twenty-three seconds could not escape being a deeply moving experience.

The daughter groped for words to explain how Ted, a Negro friend up North, could be "an individual, a poor bridge player with a sense of humor." The parents tried to comprehend the emotional and intellectual distance that had developed between them and their child.

Hostile groups cast each other into enemy stereotypes, and they act toward each other in ways that confirm their reciprocal image. Miss Tompkins, in the bosom of her family, was partly "the enemy," yet she was also kin. This ambivalence of feeling and mood involved a listener strongly. There was more than personal journalism; indeed, the portrait of Tuscaloosa people, as evoked by Miss Tompkins's talks with a few citizens, had a literary quality. The producer spoke her own commentary, and her introductory remarks—in which she stated her motives in catching her home town on tape—were direct and lucid, delivered in an understated Alabama drawl that had both charm and unadorned honesty. One WBAI listener wrote the producer: "Although many of the views expressed will always be intolerable to me, I can hardly continue to assume that these people are faceless, moronic ogres."

THE second program in the series, by contrast, was revealing, but it reverted to public stereotypes. Miss Tompkins concealed a tape recorder (until it was discovered) at a Ku Klux Klan cross-burning and membership drive meeting in Tuscaloosa and gave us a word picture of the proceedings. A minister muttered an incomprehensible prayer and the electric organ played "Rock of Ages" over the stadium loudspeaker as white-robed Klansmen waved red lanterns around the burning cross in rhythm to the music. The effect was shocking, but I found myself wondering: If Miss Tompkins had been able to talk with the Klansmen in a family atmosphere, would there have been a difference? Does the individual quality of a Southern family make the difference? The producer's father admitted that police brutality existed in a nearby town, but he asserted it was not "official brutality" (as in Selma, Alabama, where police were ordered to use tear gas and whips on Negro demonstrators).

Three other programs (which I have yet to hear) will deal with civil rights demonstrations in Tuscaloosa; with Mrs. Hugh D. Pallister, a remarkable white woman who boldly excoriates the local Klan; and with the confused but definitely shifting views of the town's younger white people toward more viable attitudes on Negro rights. WBAI's folio editor is a promising talent, and only a listener-sponsored station could provide her with so valuable an opportunity for self-expression. It is too much to hope, at this time, that WJRD, the commercial, independent station in Tuscaloosa, would play her tapes for the enlightenment of the whole Southern community, but the Pacifica stations in Los Angeles and San Francisco will play them, and educational radio stations (perhaps even the Voice of America) could make room for this sensitive series that challenges the impersonal drabness of so much of our mass-media reporting. —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and Yetta Arenstein

WHAT GOES UP

Listed below are sixteen dismembered words containing the names of the eight notes in the musical scale, in ascending and descending order, each with its accompanying definition. Mrs. Thaddeus Seymour of Hanover, New Hampshire, wonders how many musical readers can make it up to high C and back down again. Answers on page 44.

1.	D O _ _ _ _ _ _ _	Presumably
2.	_ R E _ _ _ _ _ _	Example
3.	_ _ M I _ _ _ _ _	Diminution of intensity
4.	_ _ _ F A _ _ _ _	Sponsor at baptism
5.	_ _ _ _ S O _ _ _	Ecstatic
6.	_ _ _ _ _ L A _ _	Excite pleasurably
7.	_ _ _ _ _ _ T I _	Imaginary; unbelievable
8.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ D O	Oriental punishment, beating
9.	D O _ _ _ _ _ _ _	Dwelling for sleeping
10.	_ T I _ _ _ _ _ _	Specify a condition
11.	_ _ L A _ _ _ _ _	Relating to two sides
12.	_ _ _ S O _ _ _ _	Out of harmony
13.	_ _ _ _ F A _ _ _	Simply worked articles
14.	_ _ _ _ _ M I _ _	A gloomy person
15.	_ _ _ _ _ _ R E _	Not terminated
16.	_ _ _ _ _ _ _ D O	A criminal

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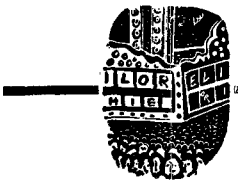

Truth and Consequences

THERE is an old British comedy that endeared itself to me through a scene in which the hero dashes into a rural railway station and demands from the guard the time of the next train. The fellow pulls out his watch, looks at it for a long minute, then solemnly declares, "The next train has just left." I have something of that feeling about Haskell Wexler's picture, *The Bus*, a documentary on the March on Washington in August of 1963. Although there has been a considerable, and regrettable, time lag between the events depicted and the present moment in history, recent occurrences in Selma suggest that the next bus has just left and is still a long way from its destination.

Mr. Wexler and his able cohorts, Mike Butler and Nell Cox, chose to make their film in what is known as the *cinéma verité* or "direct cinema" technique—one that reduces the paraphernalia of picture-making to a light, portable camera, a couple of sun guns for illumination, and a synchronous tape machine to take down the conversations. If the general public has read a good deal more about "direct cinema" than it has been able to see on the screen, it is largely because of a predilection on the part of American picture-makers for *verité* portraits of characters like Joseph E. Levine and the Beatles – who invariably have second thoughts by the time their sittings are completed and the releases are handed them to sign. Wexler, on the other hand, working in complete sympathy with the white and Negro riders on a bus from San Francisco to Washington, probably encountered no difficulty at all in getting releases from *them*. His problem was getting a release for his film.

It is a curious and disheartening fact of life that many a film is born to blush unseen simply because the distributors feel that they know what the public wants far better than the man who has poured his time, his talents, and—in this instance, at least—his own resources into making what he feels is timely and important. Although the entire civil rights movement has ardent supporters throughout the country, the people who sell pictures are certain that what moviegoers really want to see is Doris Day and Rock Hudson—or perhaps Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni. It is particularly ironic that *The Bus*, with its sharp sense of immediacy, should have encountered this type of delay.

On the other hand, for immediacy these days we look to television. And if *The Bus* had no more to recommend it than the mere documentation of a specific event, there would be little justification for showing the film in theaters more than eighteen months after it happened. But, alas, civil liberties remains an issue, and eyes remain focused upon the struggle in the South. What *The Bus* offers so affectingly is the other side of the coin, the growing solidarity of ordinary people, both black and white, in opposition to discrimination and racial prejudice. It comes from the relaxed atmosphere within the bus itself. It comes from interviews with the riders and, perhaps even more tellingly, from interviews with the changing retinue of Greyhound drivers who, though uninvolved, are more than willing to speak their minds. And as the bus nears Washington in the early hours of morning, it comes from the sight of the dozens of other buses from all parts of the country that join it on the road, all headed for the same destination and mission, all charged with the same dedication.

In filming this 3,000-mile trek, Wexler and his crew shot untold thousands of feet of film. For this kind of picture, however, the footage becomes merely the raw material for meaningful assembly. The shots themselves might even be newsreel, with the microphone often nakedly and unabashedly visible within the frame. But where the newsreel and the television cameras capture the look of the moment, the edited documentary conveys the sense of the moment. And it is this sense that emerges from the ninety compact minutes of *The Bus*—simply and unadorned, a bit tardily, yet still charged with enormous meaning for our times.

FROM Israel, by way of the San Francisco Film Festival and the Academy Awards, comes a heart-warming, surprisingly self-critical little comedy called *Sallah*, the story of an Oriental Jew and his difficulties in adjusting to his new home (or homes) among his fellow Israeli. Sallah Shabati, played to the hilt by Haym Topol, is the kind of bumptious know-it-all who is generally more fun to meet on the screen than in person; but writer-director Ephraim Kishon keeps the gags coming, and Topol miraculously manages to keep his character from degenerating into a mere buffoon. The photography, by America's Floyd Crosby, affords a pleasantly unobtrusive documentary glimpse of Israel today.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

A film based on the turbulent life of Sean O'Casey. No man was more earthy, none soared higher than he!

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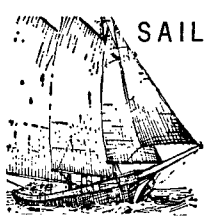

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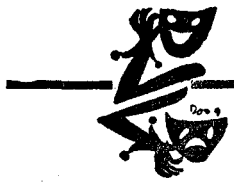

BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Anyone for Divorce?

IN HIS NEWEST COMEDY, playwright Neil Simon has managed to create a quite funny evening out of a pretty painful situation. Titled *The Odd Couple*, his play deals with the very real truth that our behavior is governed by an illogical need to exercise acquired self-centered compulsions, and that marriage is an infernal machine that permits two people to maintain their self-centeredness by being willing to put up with a degree of irritation from each other that would be unthinkable in any reasonable partnership.

To prove this, Mr. Simon shows us two friends, recently divorced from their wives, as they attempt to share an apartment. The lease-holder, Oscar Madison, is a morose, averagely sloppy male who leads a fairly disorderly existence and is usually about three weeks behind in his alimony (though his wife always alleges it is a month). His apartment-mate, Felix Ungar, is a man with a passion for such things as cooking, tidying up, and living a safe, hygienic, and economical life. Saranwrap, coasters, and neat little notes left on the pillow are the torture-tools with which he has made life unbearable for his wife. And if any woman in the audience imagines she would prefer a neater husband, the demonstration of Felix's extension of this technique to his new symbiosis should make her fervently appreciate any such bonuses in her present marriage as unhung-up suits, unreplaced toothpaste caps, and unexplained latenesses in coming home for supper.

While Mr. Simon's Felix Ungar appears essentially to be a pathetic, tragedy-tinged portrait, the form of his play is a comedy. Just as in *Barefoot in the Park* he made his laughter out of the way average people dealt with the major complex of minor annoyances that faced two people trying to live together in the impossible city of New York, so in *The Odd Couple* he makes comic cadenzas out of our bleats of agony at finding ourselves surrounded by a barbed-wire fence of trivial nuisances.

The fun begins at the Friday night poker game, which Oscar no longer enjoys because it has lost its main value: the excuse to get away from his wife for a few hours. Indeed, as looked at from the outside, all the players are blissfully unhappy but the pain of what they do to each other and to themselves is exploded into fierce humor.

To increase the laughter, Mr. Simon brings in Felix, who, in the throes of the breakup of his long-standing happy marriage, is planning suicide. Desperately Oscar persuades Felix to cancel these plans and share his apartment. In Act II we are therefore further amused to see Oscar and his poker-playing pals now suffering all the discomforts formerly reserved for Felix's wife. Somehow a poker game isn't quite the same when the cigar smoke has been removed by Puritron, when the cards have been washed with disinfectant, and the food and drink is not only delicious but impeccably served.

But funnier still is Oscar's ensuing attempt to snap Felix and himself out of their air-conditioned nightmare by setting up a dinner date with a couple of British secretaries who live in their building. Instead of a merry evening of romance and light lechery, it absurdly and hilariously deteriorates into a sentimental orgy of tears and motherly consolation for Felix in his self-indulgent sorrow over his wrecked marriage.

The last act arbitrarily resolves the basically unresolvable dilemma as Oscar tough-mindedly expels his guest and momentarily arouses the first spark of anger Felix has shown since the day Oscar dropped his cigar into Felix's pancake batter. However, he doesn't change but simply moves on to his next victim. While this act is less entertaining than the preceding ones, it nevertheless succeeds in completing comically a situation that is as grim as last night's unemptied ashtrays.

As Oscar, Walter Matthau is superbly stubborn, and all the quips that might in another actor seem contrived appear to come naturally out of an inner sour desperation. He knows he is damned but he nevertheless energetically goes through the motions of salvation. Similarly, Art Carney plays the unhappy Felix, "the only man in the world with clenched hair," as a being forlornly trapped inside his own personality. He knows that the fault is not in his stars, but in his having been "toilet-trained at five months." Director Mike Nichols again proves himself the master of *New Yorker*-style comedy achieved by casual reaction to major disaster and intense response to minor trouble. Furthermore, he exercises his characteristic thoroughness of invention by working out the means whereby successive cans of beer can be opened in such a way as to spray six feet up smack into an actor's eye, or later on to arrange for a cigarette lighter to clutch a cigarette just as the smoker is ready to lean back and take her first puff. Oliver Smith has caught the dinginess of a lived-in New York apartment, and Jean Rosenthal produces a nice variety of mood with her lighting of it.

There are, of course, many dangers in presenting a comedy with such sobering realities lying so close to the surface. Here one laughs with more restraint than one does, for instance, at the exaggerated antics of *Luv*, or at the less deeply troubled characters of *Barefoot in the Park*. For in *The Odd Couple* playwright Simon has partially answered those critics who complain that his plays are entertaining but insubstantial by giving them a truer but still reasonably laugh-strewn evening.

A patently artificial and ultimately exasperating whydunit farce called *Catch Me If You Can* has been rewoven from Robert Thomas's French original *(Piege pour un homme seul)* by Jack Weinstock and Willie Gilbert. There are some good jokes in a barrel of mediocre ones, and there is a certain amount of suspense plus a series of surprises at the end. However, these surprises ring false because the actors have been too intent upon entertaining us (as occasionally they do) and have played their shams without giving us a hint that their behavior is motivated by a very different cause than the one about which we are told. The lineup includes Dan Dailey as a constantly harassed advertising executive, Tom Bosley as a friendly detective who always appears to be arriving too late, George Mathews as the impersonator of a "Grossinger's Diocese" priest, and Eli Mintz disguised as Eli Mintz.

HAROLD WILLIS'S first play, *A Sound of Silence*, pokes around in a vital area. That area is not so much racial injustice against the Negro in today's South as it is the forces that corrupt the well-intentioned Louisiana family that invites a young Negro minister to stay with them. True, Mr. Willis shows us many varieties of compromise with the racial issue, from villainous political expedience by a Southern Senator to the Negro's own silent acceptance of survival by means of loyal servility to one white family. Yet out of his crudely constructed and frequently unclear play a feeling does emerge that the real and probably incurable culprit is the self-corruption inherent in the way we use the ideal of "family" for our own selfish purposes.

—HENRY HEWES.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. doubtless. 2. precedent. 3. remission. 4. godfather. 5. rhapsodic. 6. titillate. 7. fantastic. 8. bastinado. 9. dormitory. 10. stipulate. 11. bilateral. 12. dissonant. 13. artifacts. 14. pessimist. 15. unexpired. 16. desperado.

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Memo from Moonville

THE OTHER SUNDAY when I should have been gamboling with the *Kinder* in the park, I found myself, instead, with a few accomplices, sitting in a shack in the wilds of Texas eating red beans and barbecued beef, dispensed, Lone Star style, with buckets of beer. It was far from a genteel Sunday lunch, but it was fortifying, and thus nourished I took off across the flatlands to visit the new Manned Spacecraft Center operated by the National Aeronautics and Space Administration on a tract of Texas pool table about twenty-five miles out of Houston.

Although the man who will be the man in the moon will leap into space from a pad in Florida, he is training in Texas. The new NASA base will also be the nerve control center for two-man Gemini shots and the ultimate man-in-the-moon Apollo shot to follow later. Although previous space attempts have been operated from the Cape Kennedy control center, three miles from the launch pad, the brain operation has now been moved 1,100 miles to the west. The NASA people like to emphasize this was not a removal but a new move. The overriding reasons for locating a space center on the Texas prairie were manifold and had nothing to do with the proximity of Castro's rockets to Cape Kennedy, as some have inferred. For one thing, a spacecraft center had to be near a center for advanced education, and the proximity to Rice was an important factor. Secondly, the year-round weather was also a factor ruling out Boston, which had been in the running while President Kennedy was alive. Finally, the place had to be centrally located and Houston is two and a half hours or less from anywhere in the nation except perhaps San Francisco, which might take another half-hour.

Two and a half or three years ago there was nothing at the Manned Spacecraft Center but a field inhabited by a covey of cows, a fact which NASA likes to show graphically enough with a full-page picture of cows in a pasture dated May 1962. The same scene in March of 1963, also shown in NASA's brochure, depicts a modern industrial spread of a dozen buildings—and several more have risen since. The exteriors of some and the interiors of others are open to public view each Sunday afternoon, when NASA invites tourists to come in to see where their tax money is going.

The Auditorium Building—they have not exactly been christened with imaginative names—is a mass of glass panels and contains an 800-seat theater. Films are played for the benefit of the public all Sunday afternoon and they depict, as one might guess, the various advances we have made in our space programs. The lobby holds an exhibit center which is massed with models of spacecraft and other impedimenta of the space age. Among those exhibits that caught my fancy was a quarter-scale model of the Gemini project missile and a model of the Ranger 7 that journeyed from Cape Kennedy to the moon on July 28, 1964, landing less than ten miles from the target area after a 228,500-mile voyage. A glass-encased mock-up of Mercury Spacecraft 7 gives a firsthand view of the dials and switches that face the birdmen, and a life-sized pressure suit gives a firsthand view of what the men in the upper air are wearing this season.

DURING the first open-house weekend that NASA held last June, 55,000 gawkers advanced on the space center, all but overwhelming it. The Sundays-only program nets about 4,000 to 5,000 people, who must confine their visit to the afternoon hours from one until five. Those who come in groups, however, can arrange for special treatment. Groups are conducted through the security lines of the Mission Control Center, perhaps the most vital building in the complex. Here they can sit in a small theater and look down on the consoles which, on moon-shoot day, will be manned by NASA control people, Department of Defense recovery people, the flight control director, two doctors, and the representative of the public affairs division of NASA. At lift-off this will be the command post. It will be devoid of camera crew from commercial television simply because NASA feels it doesn't want to inhibit the actions of its flight control personnel in any way that will detract from the mission. "Our engineers," a public affairs spokesman told me, "are not actors, and therefore there are no TV cameras in the control room." There are, however, two hidden TV ducts that can tap the picture off the consoles. Presumably they could also tap the position chart, which is a projection map of the world showing all the NASA listening posts. Since the first space shots there have been some changes. There are fewer ground stations and more ships in the network. But all listening posts, wherever their location, are in voice and teletype communications with the control center. Some of them will be communicating with the familiar voice of one of the two astronaut alumni who will also man the consoles.

Besides being the command post for space shots, the Houston operation will also be involved with the development of spacecraft, the part that rides on top of the rocket. It has, as well, already assumed the training of astronauts, all of whom now live here. On the grounds are such odd boxes as the Environment Chamber, which can provide conditions similar to those of the atmosphere fifty miles in the sky. Spacecraft are placed inside the Environment Chamber and the astronauts perform exercises in removing themselves from the craft, working along the outside with guidelines, and returning. It took 1,000,000 pounds of stainless steel to build the place. Allowing for mechanical error, and then some, the Carrier people, who installed the air conditioning at the center, were required to put in one regular system plus two standby systems. In the subsequent space probes, all heavy thinking will be done on earth in the Space Center at Houston. The computers here have a memory capacity of 250,000 bits of information, but this is being extended to 500,000 bits. The Apollo project will feed 100,000 bits of information per second back to earth.

AS at Cocoa Beach, Florida, a whole metropolis is springing up around the NASA Center at Houston, providing offices, restaurants, homes, banks, and schools for those who will work to send the man to the moon. There are already 1,000 rentable rooms in three hotels, and Sheraton is expected to announce a new one this spring. The Brass Rail, a famed New York chain noted for its roast beef and corned beef sandwiches and celestial cheese cake, has moved a branch down here and opened a boozery called the Small World Club. Portofino waterfront villas are available at Swan Lagoon. A $1,000,000,000 project called Nassau Bay will include 1,000 homes, 1,350 modern apartments, thirty town houses, fresh-water lakes, and bays for waterskiing and swimming.

Among the hotels already in operation, the Congress Inn has a heated pool with a rock garden and a sunbathing tower. Wilbur Clark, well known in Las Vegas, has brought a new Desert Inn, with a pool, gardens, and a saloon known as the Café Español. The offices of private contractors already constructed look like replicas of the Lincoln Memorial. The South West Savings Bank has installed itself on the Texas tundra in a curved-over building that resembles some modernist's dream of an adobe. It takes a heap of living to put a man on the moon.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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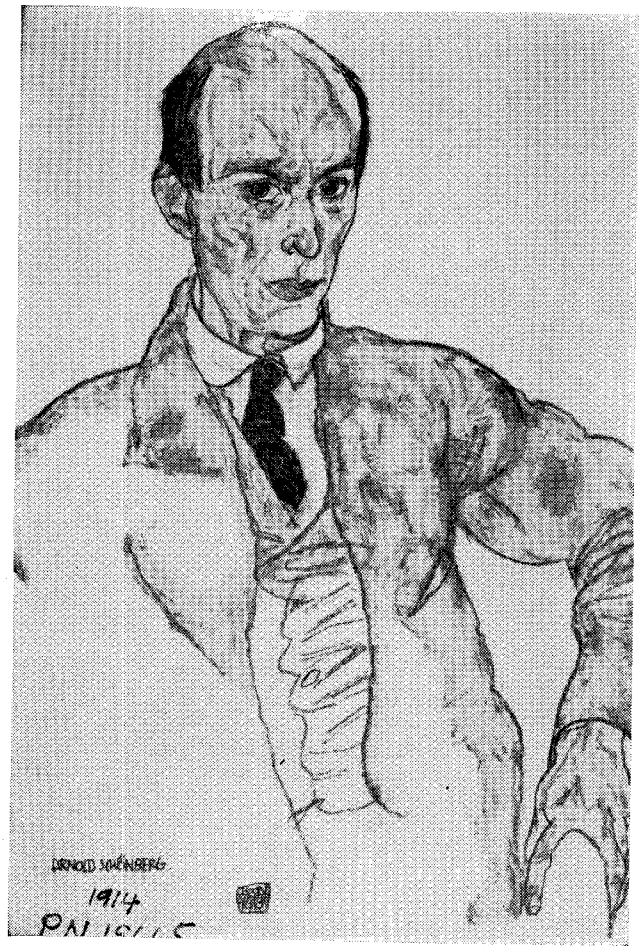

—Bettmann Archive.

Arnold Schönberg: a portrait by Egon Schiele in the Vienna Albertina. It was painted in 1914.

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Arnold Schönberg: An Unknown Correspondence

By RUDOLF and ENA STEINER

LONDON.

IT IS always exciting to discover new features in the portrait of a great personality, especially if it is one as rich, as complex, and as problematic as Arnold Schönberg.

It was on a fine day last summer that we visited the eighty-one-year-old Hans Nachod, Arnold Schönberg's first cousin. He showed us childhood photos of the composer, and also a very special treasure hanging on the wall: a notebook, framed and under glass, containing Schönberg's first steps in music.

In his younger days, Hans Nachod was a tenor at the Vienna *Volksoper*. He later made a name for himself in the Austria and Germany of the pre-Hitler period, at the opera houses of Kiel, Dresden, Karlsruhe, and elsewhere. The highlight of his professional career was creating the part of Waldemar in the *Gurrelieder* at the first performance in Vienna in 1910. The correspondence, now in our possession, spreads over forty years, beginning in 1909 and ending on October 21, 1949. It is fragmentary, but out of the forty-six letters and postcards emerges a vivid picture showing the strange and strong personality of the composer.

The first part of the correspondence deals with the problems and efforts connected with the performance of his first major work, the *Gurrelieder*.

18 Nov. 1909.

Dear Hans,
I should like to talk to you regarding your participation in a musical evening. I am at home every afternoon until 4 o'clock, but come as soon as possible, because the matter is urgent. If you prefer you can see me in the morning. Kind regards, Arnold Schönberg.

And two days later this short message is sent to Hans Nachod:

20 November 1909.

Dear Hans,
Send (or bring) me at once the score of the *Gurrelieder*. If you have nobody to send, please take a porter (at my expense). Kind regards, Schönberg.

It was in 1903 that the composer's name became known to a wider public through the performance of his Opus 4, *Verklärte Nacht*. But two years earlier Schönberg had already completed the *Gurrelieder*—the piano version only. It was not until 1911 that the composer finished the orchestration of that now-famous work. The *Vereinigung für Kunst und Kultur* (Union for Art and Culture) organized the first Schönberg concert in January 1910. The program included Opus 11, three pieces for piano, Opus 15, fifteen Lieder after poems by Stefan George, and the first part of the *Gurrelieder*. The part of Waldemar was sung by Hans Nachod. It is amusing to read the instructions the young composer gave to his cousin for the evening (Nachod was at that time working at the Vienna Volksoper):

14 Jan. 1910.

Dear Nachod,
I remind you of our arrangements: 1) Don't waste time with bowing. 2) Change dress at once. 3) At the exit of the theater you will find a taxi that will bring you to the Ehrbachsaal. Ev-

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erything will be all right; as long as you are careful you will be a success . . . . but keep calm and alert. Greetings, Schönberg.

The evening proved a success. The composer thanked Nachod on his visiting card:

Dear Nachod,
Everything went well. On the whole I am satisfied. Many passages were very well performed. Next time we will start earlier with the rehearsals and everything will be even better.

It was in 1912, the same year that saw the first performance of *Pierrot Lunaire*, that Schönberg made his preparations for the full-scale performance of the *Gurrelieder*; at that time it was doubtful whether it should be in Berlin or Vienna. He got in touch with Hans Nachod and wrote:

Berlin. 5 Jan. 1912.
It is of the utmost importance that you arrive here not later than January 10th in order to sing to me your part. I must now engage all the singers for the Berlin performance, and therefore you would have to sing to me your part fully rehearsed. I have to mention that it is important that you absolutely master your part, and that you are in good shape, since I am (as you know!) very strict in my demands and have to be even more so, since this is a big affair. It would be a pity if for such reasons you would not make a good impression. It would be worthwhile to make the effort, since the singer who performs at the Berlin Concert will also sing at most other performances. Besides, you are also being considered for the Vienna performance on February 23rd; so please reply without delay when you are coming.

Again: you will have to sing to me the *entire part!!* Because I *must* know how you perform it. Kind regards, Arnold Schönberg.

Eight months later the composer reports about the progress he has made:

Berlin. 8 August 1912
The enterprise is expected to be a "deficit." A committee is trying to make possible the performance, which will cost thousands. It should not be necessary for you to sing without a fee (very nice of you to offer this). It will not be much, however. Please let me know immediately the lowest and the highest amount you require. You would have to be in Vienna for at least 3-4 days (perhaps more).

Now I have to ask you: are you prepared to study the part in any case? I guarantee that you will perform it, either in Vienna or in Berlin (where the work is also intended to be performed this year), if possible in both places, and also in many later performances. Provided, of course, that you know your part well, and sing it as one may expect, given a normal development, and taking the Vienna performance as a basis. . . . Kindest regards to you and, without knowing her, to your wife. Arnold Schönberg.

After some delays the date for the first night was fixed: February 23, 1913. Four days before the big event took place, the composer became very nervous:

Vienna. 19 Feb. 1913.
Dear Hans,
I note you have forgotten everything. I only hope not your part, too. We have to rehearse at once and I have to ask you to be punctual (once in your life you have to try to be punctual). The rehearsal will be at Schreker's home at 7:30.

On the 3rd of March, 1913, Hans Nachod received the following note:

Dear Nachod,
Everything went well and I am pleased about your success. I think if you show a little more courage at the next performance, your success will be even greater. Anyway you will have to sing on the 22nd or 23rd of May (in Berlin). [This performance was adjourned until 1914, when the outbreak of the First World War caused it to be canceled.] I have to thank you for your wreath of laurels. What gave you that idea? Kindest regards, your A. Schönberg.

In September, 1925, Schönberg was appointed head of the Master Class for Composition at the Academy of Arts in Berlin. However, on March 1, 1933, coincident with the Nazi accession to power, his career there came to an end. He volunteered his resignation, which on May 23 was accepted. On September 18, Professor Arnold Schönberg, then an emigré in Paris, received a four-line document affirming his dismissal. It also stated that his salary, which he rightly claimed until 1935, would not be paid to him.

In the same year Schönberg left the Protestant church and rejoined the Jewish community. Was it coincidence that the composer, on the very day that brought him the final confirmation of the end of his artistic and economic existence in Germany, wrote to Hans Nachod the following?

Dear Hans,
You may have heard that it is my intention to rally the Jews to common action. I have not done very much so far, because everything depends on the right beginning. Now I think it likely that the first step will be the publication of my own journal. A question of money. I would prefer to travel as a speaker at public meetings. I should like to start with a big daily paper. But if I begin with a weekly paper, that means only loss of time. Of course, it depends on the success whether to enlarge it later. I wonder whether you have perhaps the circle of people to start such an enterprise. You may even know financiers, publishers, and idealists who will understand the necessity of such action. I was invited to the Conference for the Jewish World Congress but I was unable to accept. It was my idea to speak about my plans; now I will have to wait until the Congress starts. My paper should if possible right from the beginning be published in German, Yiddish, and Ivrit and also in English, French, and Russian. It might then be possible that out of the Circle of Collaborators some could be won for my ideas. Cordial greetings, Arnold Schönberg.

Three weeks later he takes up the idea again:

Dear Hans,
You are right. I will travel to Boston between the 16th and 25th of October. But that will not make any difference to my plans, mentioned in my previous letter (and it seems you have misunderstood me. I never said I am a Zionist, but I said that I intend to establish one Jewish party) and I will pursue my ideas there. . . . It is my intention immediately after my arrival in America to continue my efforts in that direction: whether I will succeed, I don't know. You are eager to get acquainted with my plans. I will tell you, my most important plan is: To keep my plans secret from everybody. If you should achieve anything, let me know at once, I myself will start without delay. Best greetings for you and your brother and many thanks for your wife's greetings. Your A. Sch.

Life in America opened a new vista for the now sixty-year-old composer. After one year's residence in the New World he wrote a long and detailed report giving a résumé of his experiences. In the report, in which Schönberg asserts very critical views about a number of well-known personalities of the musical world, he expresses the wish that parts of it should be treated confidentially, and we respect this request by not disclosing the names of the persons concerned.

. . . I cannot conceal the fact that this first year surpassed everything I have experienced up to now in disappointments, vexation, and illness. . . . I did not have any illusions about the "golden future" that might await me in the U.S. as far as engagements are concerned. However, when the Malkin Conservatory made me an offer which was a quarter of the salary that I had received in Berlin, I was so downhearted that after a few hours I ac-

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cepted this one and only offer. I even overlooked the fact that for the same salary I had to teach in Boston and in New York, too. . . .

Schönberg the teacher was quite satisfied with his new position, but Schönberg the composer felt utterly frustrated. Again and again he complains that none of the conductors would be prepared to perform his music, with the exception of *Verklärte Nacht* or of his adaptation of works by Bach.

. . . In contrast to this, Stravinsky, Ravel, Respighi, etc., are always performed. It is similar to Europe. I have here a great number of—what should I call them? I can't call them followers, because they are practically all nothing but potential garbage, but at least some of them won't become garbage until the appropriate time comes. All the same, I will say that the interest for me is awakening.

There follows a savage attack on two world-known conductors whom Schönberg accuses of never playing a single note of his work. Schönberg continues his report by describing musical life in Los Angeles:

. . . Los Angeles is, as far as my music is concerned, a blank page. Some conductors (Goossens, Rodzinsky, Slonimsky) have performed some of my works, with the only result that the public has hardened in its aversion toward new music. Responsible for the disinterest in it everywhere are the conductors. One example: in San Francisco the Symphony Orchestra did not play a single note of mine for the last twenty-five years. . . .

Then Schönberg speaks of a concert that he conducted in Boston, and he makes very favorable mention of the Boston orchestra. He also talks about his home in California, the climate and the lovely scenery:

. . . I did not work lately on my opera but I am writing now a suite for String Orchestra in G, tonal, a piece for school orchestras. I am writing it, encouraged by a musician who teaches at New York University. He spoke very highly about these school orchestras. The piece I am writing will be a fine example showing what developments within the frame of tonality are still possible, if one is really a musician who understands his craft. . . .

The years to come were taken up by teaching at the University of Los Angeles, an immense effort as far as Schönberg's creative work was concerned. In 1944 Hans Nachod congratulated the Master on his seventieth birthday, and he received the following reply (original in English):

Dear Hans,
At first let me thank you cordially for your congratulations to my seventieth birthday. Yes, it is true, he who was heedless enough to live too long and neglected to remain young will discover he became old. It is sad, but you cannot change that. . . . You are right, many of our old friends have died already. I am astonished you do not know that Zemlinsky died three years ago. You probably know that Franz Schrecker is dead since 1934 and Alban Berg, Adolf Loos, Karl Kraus and many more of my friends and professional colleagues. I am glad to learn that you have settled down satisfactorily in England. You sing "Lieder"; does it mean you give recitals? You have good pupils; are they able to sing modern music? I often remember some of your performances of my music. These have been better times, for instance in Amsterdam and Leipzig with the *Gurrelieder*.

Finally Schönberg speaks about the future and his works:

I am retiring in September from the University of California. I will not receive a pension, because I was there only eight years. I am not afraid of the future because I have some confidence in my work and there are still private pupils coming along. As to my compositions: I hope it will not take too long that we might communicate more freely and then you will see a list of the works I have written in these times. Among them is a Violin Concerto which was broadcast last year. . . . In November this year a new work of mine will be broadcast: Ode to Napoleon Bonaparte by Lord Byron, which many people will relate to Hitler and Mussolini. . . . Many cordial greetings, Arnold Schönberg.

Before we give Arnold Schönberg's last message sent to his friends on the occasion of his seventy-fifth birthday, we are going to consider his early compositions, which we have also acquired.

The newly discovered compositions include eight complete songs with piano accompaniment, with words by Heyse, Martin Greif, Ludwig Pfau, etc., two four-part canons, one song with accompanying string quartet (*Es ist ein Flüstern in der Nacht*), one *Lied ohne Worte* for piano, one movement for violin and piano, a number of marches and dances for two violins, and also numerous fragments of songs and even harmonic exercises written down by Schönberg the beginner. Included is a trio for piano, cello, and clarinet dated February 9, 1896.

However, the most unusual manuscript in our possession is no doubt the composition marked by Schönberg "Opus 1." It is called *Romance (ré mineur) pour deux violons et alto, par Arnaude Schönberg, Op. 1.* It is worth noting that this work, which the young composer wanted to be recognized by the world as his Opus 1, is signed "Arnaude Schönberg."

The *Romance en ré mineur* consists of one movement for two violins and alto viola. We have in our possession two sheets, one containing the complete part for the second violin, and the other containing the complete part for the viola, noted down in the alto clef. Where may the part for the first violin be? Perhaps this, too, will come to light one day.

The piece is written throughout in the 6/8 measure and consists of 162 bars. It begins in the key of D minor and is marked "Andantino." The opening key is maintained through fifty bars, giving way to twenty-four melodious bars in A major. Then the composer requests "piu mosso" for the following twenty bars in G minor. Thereafter the *Romance* returns to "Andantino I 'mo" and continues through thirty-six bars in D minor. The tempo then gets more lively again "un poco piu mosso," the composition modulating to D Major, and approaching its end with thirty-two bars in that key, increasing the tempo from "Risoluto" to "Presto."

When Professor Josef Rufer catalogued the works of Arnold Schönberg in 1959, he was not aware of the existence of these manuscripts. Had Professor Rufer known this of Opus 1, his Register of Works by Arnold Schönberg would not have commenced with "two songs for baritone and piano, with text by Richard Birnbach," but with *Romance (ré mineur) pour deux violons et alto,* and long before the present Opus 1 there would have been songs, as for instance *"Ich grüne wie die Weide grünt"* (words by Wilhelm Wackernagel), which Hans Nachod often sang in the Schönberg family circle, *Warum bist Du aufgewacht, Juble, schoene junge Rose,* etc.

Since Schönberg himself was so fond of his song "Ich gruene wie die Weide gruent," we should like to give a short description of it. In the manuscript itself, the piano accompaniment with its vertically dropping quavers seems

(*Continued on page 66*)

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Klemperer and the "Flute"

By MARTIN BERNHEIMER

UPON first listening, I found Otto Klemperer's new *Zauberflöte* (Angel CL-3651, $14.94; stereo SCL-3651, $17.94) both disturbing and disappointing. The light-hearted humor and the heady Viennese charm we have come to expect from the score were muted. Instead, Klemperer seemed intent on presenting a serious baroque music drama of near-epic proportions—one with much flute and little magic.

The impression changed, however, with repeated hearings. Soon it became clear that Klemperer had simply chosen to stress the nobility of the work rather than its folksy comedy. The result is not equally successful throughout the opera's varied, frequently changing, styles. This *Zauberflöte* certainly will perplex those who prefer to think of the work as a small-scale fairy tale. But Klemperer's grandiose, symphonically oriented approach is as legitimate as it is individual. It deserves attention and respect, even when it fails to earn admiration.

One of the paradoxes of the new recording is that the cast chosen, though excellent by any standard, is not ideally qualified to support Klemperer's point of view. The first prerequisite for success would have been a Sarastro who could breathe nobility and humanity into every crucial phrase allotted to him. But Klemperer has at his disposal for the role Gottlob Frick, a marvelous Wagnerian villain and an amusing gruff comedian, but hardly the artist to make the loftiest of sentiments ring true.

By the same token, Klemperer's case might have been strengthened by a soprano with enough emotional sensitivity to make Pamina stand as a symbol of all womanhood, not just as an innocent story-book heroine. Gundula Janowitz, a tremendously talented Karajan discovery with a voice not unlike a young Güden, sings most beautifully, but she cannot elevate the character beyond conventional limits. Even Nicolai Gedda, as disciplined and tasteful a tenor as any currently active, fails to make the most of his assignment. He is curiously encouraged to stress the *forte* side of Tamino and to devaluate the *piano* in the process.

If the interpreters of the serious roles are sometimes hampered by the Klemperer interpretation, the comedians find in it a nearly insurmountable obstacle. After all, what place is there for naïve little Papageno in a world moved so far away from the *Singspiel* and so close to the profundity of *Fidelio*? Walter Berry tries valiantly to convey the bird-man's wit and nonchalance, but he has ponderous tempi and a most sonorous orchestral fabric working against him. (Also, his recent excursions into the *Heldenbariton* repertory may account for some of the vocal huskiness in what should be the airiest of lyric-baritone vehicles.) Berry's partner as Papagena is the coloratura Ruth-Margret Pütz. Usually cast more ambitiously as the Queen of the Night, she sings her share of the little avian love-duet with a commendable lack of affectation, but also with a less commendable lack of charm. The same might be said for Gerhard Unger, who offers the most straightforward, best vocalized, and least interesting Monostatos on records.

The problem of balancing affect with affectation becomes crucial in the scenes involving the Three Ladies. Resorting to what can be described only as "name" casting, Angel has chosen a world-famous Marschallin and former Pamina for the First, a mezzo who sings both Fidelio and Dorabella for the Second, and Bayreuth's current Erda for the Third. It is no secret that the complex trios of Act I require first-rate voices, or that the three ladies cast as the Three Ladies have them. But one cannot claim that the Mmes. Schwarzkopf, Ludwig, and Höffgen blend particularly well, or that they give the impression of relishing the anonymity of their assignments. The self-conscious cuteness lavished by Schwarzkopf and her cohorts upon so innocent a passage as "Ei, ei! wie fein! Sie wären gern bei ihm allein" illustrates the point.

Walter Berry (with musical coach Heinrich Schmidt, center, and Gareth Morris, piccolo)—"tries valiantly to convey . . . wit and nonchalance."

By contrast, the Three Boys (Agnes Giebel, Anna Reynolds, and Josephine Veasey) sound like models of vocal and stylistic unanimity, even though—or perhaps *because*—they are not world-famous. Franz Crass is authoritative as the Speaker, and he doubles effectively as the Second Priest and Second Armed Man. Unger assumes the modest duties of the First Priest as competently as he does those of Monostatos. Karl Liebl brings such artistry to the nonheroic, minuscule part of the First Armed Man that one regrets anew his willingness to be subjected to Tristan, Siegfried, *et al.*, at the Metropolitan. He might have been a fine Mozart tenor.

Mention of the Queen of the Night is left to the end, not because she is the least famous member of the cast (though she is), or because she is that long-lost phenomenon—a real dramatic coloratura (she isn't), but simply because she turns out to be the least problematic of the principals. Lucia Popp, another product of the now-lamented Karajan regime in Vienna, benefits from relatively conventional tempi in her two arias, plus a degree of dramatic urgency in the orchestra that wins half the battle for her. Her voice is bright and strong rather than heroic, but it is used with a sense of theatrical fire and does not turn into a squeak at the top. Moreover, her technical security is such that one need not worry about her missing the high notes or messing up the passage work on the way. What Queens of the Night within memory—other than Erna Berger and the young Wilma Lipp—could inspire such confidence?

Also among the advantages of the set are brilliant contributions from the Philharmonia Orchestra (even down to Papageno's pipes, which are in tune for a change), and the Philharmonia Chorus under Wilhelm Pitz. Furthermore, there is an enlightening introductory essay by William Mann, and the stereo engineering proves sensible for the most part. Among the disadvantages, one must count the total absence of recorded dialogue and rather garbled translations of the biographical notes.

Those in the market for a new *Zauberflöte* who are not prone to be moved by majesty for its own sake are advised to wait for the promised Deutsche Grammophon version under Karl Böhm (with Evelyn Lear, Roberta Peters, Fritz Wunderlich, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau). However, those who value an expansive, Beethoven-like concept in which fine singing sometimes replaces fine characterization need look no further.

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Sutherland's Noble Druid

—Barry Glass.

Sutherland as Norma—"a rigorous attention to every facet of vocal art."

IT IS relatively easy to be an authority on the phonographic history of Bellini's *Norma*. All that is required is a copy of the "new" Callas (with Corelli, Ludwig, and Zaccaria, on Angel 3615), a copy of the "old" Callas (with Filippeschi, Stignani, and Rossi-Lemeni, on Angel 3517), a pressing on Cetra LP 1204 of the still older version with Cigna, Breviario, Stignani, and Pasero, and a cross-section of the sundry "Casta divas" by Milanov, Giannini, Ponselle, Muzio, and Lilli Lehmann, plus "Mira, o Norma" in which the late Marion Telva joined Ponselle, and the file is fairly complete. Or, to save all that effort, a copy of the new Sutherland, with John Alexander, Marilyn Horne, and Richard Cross (on RCA Victor LM 6166, $14.98; stereo LSC 6166, $17.98).

For in more ways than may immediately strike the ear, the newest is close to a compendium of many virtues in the preceding ones—especially, of course, the versions of Callas—and as free of certain of their shortcomings. Richard Bonynge, who is the musical conscience of this performance as well as its conductor, has made such a close study, on behalf of his remarkable wife, of everything about this work that it would not be surprising to learn that he has a mental memory of any consequential phrase as it sounds from its prior exponents. He has, as a consequence, supervised a musical experience as satisfying in scholarship as it is virtuous in execution. It is not always the most dramatic of *Normas*, but it comes as close to being a composite of possible virtues as any listener is likely to hear in this imperfect world.

The prime reason for this, is, of course, the magnificent instrument wielded by Miss Sutherland. She has not, in many recent "live" encounters, sounded as wholly immersed in a vocal task as she does in this *Norma*. Possibly the circumstances of the recording enabled her to shut out everything else for the period of time it required, and concentrate wholly on shaping her mind as well as her voice to its realization. Thus there are scarcely any of the little mannerisms that have crept into her public work lately, a rigorous attention to every facet of vocal art—purity, flexibility, accuracy, finesse—that make for distinction. Such a "Casta diva" as this one—sung in the original key of G, rather than transposed down a full tone, as is frequently heard—has previously existed only in dreams. It is now transferred to the nightmares of her rivals.

To be sure, it was on page 89 of the vocal score with which I was following this performance that the awareness dawned that not a single word of the text (aside, perhaps, from "*Casta diva*") had reached the ear previously. There was, however, such an inundating tide of richly formed, beautifully articulated vocal phrases that "*la-la-la*" would have served as well. In those moments when Miss Sutherland was not enticing the ear with an order of art that even she has not accomplished previously, Marilyn Horne was matching her, almost note for note and shake for shake, in her singing of Adalgisa. In the duet beginning "Sì, fa core, e abracciami" the ending runs in thirds are as tidy as double stops by a master violinist.

Every so often, and with increasing frequency as the drama moves toward its climax, one is conscious of an intonation, an inflection, that arouses an echo in the mind. It might be too much to say of Sutherland (in paraphrase of Mary Tudor) "When I am dead and opened, you shall find 'Callas' lying in my heart," but the impression persists that the drama of this Norma is experienced vicariously. The performance begins to lose its hypnotic hold at the episode toward the end that begins "In mia man alfin tu sei," which was exactly where the curve of the Callas performance began to rise. Thus it could be stated that if Sutherland is the more persuasive Druid, Callas remains the undying symbol of womanly self-sacrifice. Certainly there is glory enough for both in their response to a role that clearly makes more varied demands than have been met by any single performer of it, at least in this time.

If Horne and Sutherland are beautifully matched to complement each other's sound and way of working, so John Alexander is quite the right sort of tenor to fulfil the musical design drawn by Bonynge. He is lighter, of course, than the Corelli-Del Monaco-Filippeschi voices that have served in such roles lately (as Sutherland and Horne are lighter than Cigna and Stignani), but strong enough and sufficiently flexible to make a proper effect. Richard Cross is less equipped for Oroveso, especially when it comes to such an air as "Ah! del Tebro," which comes out rather grumpy and choppy, but he serves well enough in the ensembles.

Both for the beauty of its vocal detail and the total sense of style sustained by Bonynge, this is a *Norma* of many satisfactions and only one temperamental shortcoming. It is also a *Norma* of many attributes that are stylistically enlightening, including a closing section to the "Guerra" chorus that is frequently omitted. It is marked as a "possible" cut in the Boosey and Hawkes edition I happen to have. With a few measures here and there that might well have been inserted by the editors (Arthur Sullivan and J. Pittman) from other editions, this particular text also sustains the Bonynge claim that his version is "complete."

There will, no doubt, be a class of listener who will wear out, by repetition, those passages that display Sutherland's facility as an isolated phenomenon, and make deep pockmarks around the points where she inserts a high D (at the end of "Mira, o Norma") and an overriding E-flat at the climax of "Già mi pasco ne' tuoi sguardi" (the duet with Pollione). This will do scant justice to a total accomplishment that is an artistic landmark for a singer who is young enough to look back upon it in time to come, as a way point for even greater things. If it yields, in the fulness of time, a stage Norma that equals, in style and conviction, the best parts of her singing performance, Miss Sutherland will have performed a real public service as well as achieving a personal triumph.

The recording (from the Walthamstow Town Hall, outside of London) is of the first quality, in breadth, fulness and balance, for which producer Christopher Raeburn can take appropriate credit. The London Symphony Orchestra is also an embellishment of the whole, especially the unnamed cellist who plays the solo in Act II. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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"Parsifal" from Bayreuth

By ROBERT LAWRENCE

IF THE NEW RECORDING of Wagner's *Parsifal* (Mercury, PHM 5-550, $25.90; stereo, PHS 5-950, $30.90) had no virtue but this, it would still be worth acquiring: the music has been taken down complete at Bayreuth, the theater for whose resources Wagner intended the work. Through the magic of this house, the opening strains of the prelude seem to rise from no definable point, the blend of orchestral components is miraculous, their over-all timbre surpassingly mellow. Add to this quality the results of Wagner's arrangements in the covered pit—the instrumental choirs falling away from the audience in a terraced mass so that the heavy brasses are seated at the greatest possible distance, beneath the stage; the use of an extraordinarily large string section so that trumpets and trombones never sound disproportionately but blend in an organ-like effect with the other groups; the enormous amount of rehearsals made possible by a festival economy—and one approaches *Parsifal* as an acoustical banquet, conjured up by a master chef. The new set does have other attractions, but the sound of Bayreuth is its basis.

This much having been said, one must regret that the performance was taken "live" (during the summer festival of 1962), with consequent breaks in aural illusion. Wagner intended *Parsifal* as a modern mystery or morality play. We of today may deny him the pretensions involved, but are bound to respect the special, other-worldly sound of his score. In the present recording, toll is taken of the listener's concentration through audience coughs and stage noises. A transient irritation, soon forgotten in the hall, can become on discs a lasting annoyance. Balanced against this drawback is the wonderful feeling of a performance in progress, of climaxes building inexorably without the possibility of retakes, of the excitement always associated in the theater with the unpredictable.

There is bound to be a good deal of controversy over the conducting of the veteran Hans Knappertsbusch, who dominates the set both musically and dramatically. My own previous experiences of Knappertsbusch (pre-war hearings of *Rosenkavalier* and *Elektra* under his direction at Salzburg) had led me to expect slow tempi to the point of listener fatigue. Such, in this new recording, is not generally the case. Knappertsbusch does, indeed, bear down heavily on the motive associated with Kundry's wanderings so that whenever it appears (notably at her entrance and later at the climax of the second act) an unaccustomed feeling of massiveness rather than of agitation settles over the music.

Nevertheless, one extracts a sense of poetic justification, of theatrical validity, from everything he undertakes. This is Wagner conducting in the great tradition, with which we are losing touch. As adjunct to a total art work (Bayreuth makes a fetish of the visual), Knappertsbusch's expansive tempi would undoubtedly seem more effective than in this purely aural presentation where, every now and then, the listener's attention is likely to sag. Such critical moments occur in the first and third acts. As led by Knappertsbusch with a demoniacal ardor that seems positively youthful, the second act comes off thrillingly.

Choral passages are sung with style and fulness—as in the case of the enlarged orchestra, there is a sense of luxury in hearing vast, well-trained groups deployed—and the episode of the Flower Maidens, so often scraggly in performance, stands out with beauty of tone. Gundula Janowitz and Anja Silja, sopranos who have begun to make international reputations, are leaders of this group. Another notable effect is the singing by the alto, Ursula Boese, of the prophecy at the end of Act I, unforgettable in its purity.

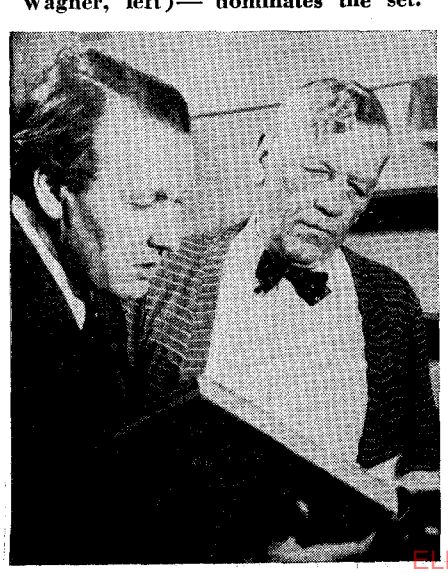
OF the principals, Jess Thomas in the title role and George London as Amfortas fare best. Mr. Thomas brings to his work an enormous amount of intensity, a fine, fresh voice, and a boyishness unfamiliar to those of us raised on the superbly sung but relatively mature Parsifals of Lauritz Melchior and René Maison. Equally moving is the performance by Mr. London, in prime vocal form when this recording was made. His sound is baritonal rather than the basso quality taken on more recently, and his expressivity is of a high order.

Hans Hotter's Gurnemanz, poetic but vocally limited, lacks the big, dark sonorities one has heard in this part from Bohnen, Kipnis, and other great singers. Mr. Hotter is a distinguished performer; seeing him in action might perhaps compensate for the lackluster tone. Of his artistry there can be no question.

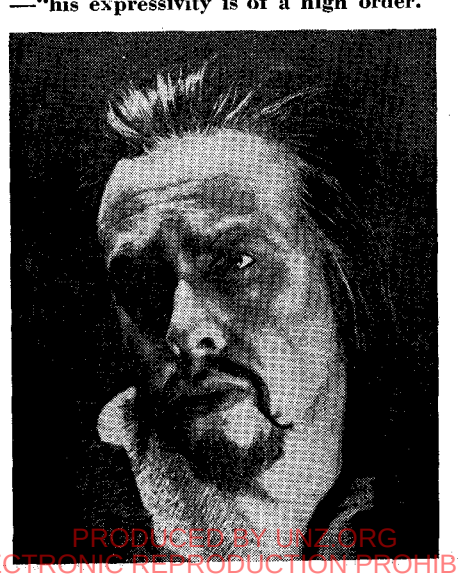
Gustav Neidlinger is a conventional Klingsor, bypassing the character's psychological insecurities and concentrating on his nastiness; Irene Dalis is an acceptable Kundry. This elusive part, for true effect, needs a phenomenal singing-actress—either dramatic soprano or high mezzo. Branzell and Thorborg in the past shared honors with Kappel and Leider. Rita Gorr today divides the role with Crespin. Miss Dalis, not in such a star category, brings high seriousness to her work, plus a degree of temperament. Nothing that she does vocally can give offense; much that she has accomplished is moving; and she has never sung better than on these records. The fact remains that the instrument itself—a turbid soprano rather than mezzo, as she is usually billed—is not especially attractive. What this artist has done with limited resources commands one's admiration, but on ethical rather than musical grounds.

The sound of the set is generally good, though one retains the feeling of a broadcast rather than of a sumptuously prepared recording. Wagnerites would do well to ignore this reservation and get hold of the album. It is, after all, a Bayreuth *Parsifal*, and the sovereign imagery of the score comes through.

Hans Knappertsbusch (with Wieland Wagner, left)—"dominates the set."



George London as Amfortas in Bayreuth —"his expressivity is of a high order."



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The Dawn of Opera

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

TO HEAR Monteverdi's *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* just after listening to the Jacopo Peri-Giulio Caccini *L'Euridice* is like coming upon a plant in abundant blossom after not having noticed it since it first broke ground. *L'Euridice* (1600), setting Ottavio Rinucinni's stiff version of the Orpheus-Eurydice myth, is the earliest surviving musico-dramatic work usefully called an opera. It is skeletonic, much more interesting because of its historic position and its suggestions of things to come than for its intrinsic values. *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* (1642), though composed less than a half-century later, not only is an accomplishment of musical genius, but also abounds in fully realized operatic possibilities. Recent recordings of the two supply one album of basic historical interest, one living opera so well performed as to distance earlier versions.

The Amadeo recording of *L'Euridice* (AVRS 5002/3 $13.96—mono only) is a curious, unsatisfying production. With Angelo Ephrikian conducting the Coro Polifonico di Milano, ten soloists, and a judiciously selected instrumental ensemble (the original "instrumentation" used when the opera was sung to celebrate the wedding of Maria de' Medici and Henri IV of France is unknown), the performance is slack and without luster. Neither from the record labels nor from the learned leaflet supplied with the album is it possible to determine which singer takes which role. Nor is any sung text or translation supplied. As perhaps the only real reason for listening to *L'Euridice* at all apart from a staged performance is to understand how the Florentine "inventors" of opera responded to text with music, not to have the text at hand is maddening.

The translated leaflet provided presents a convincing case for the musicological probity of the reading—and points out the passages by Caccini in what is primarily Peri's score. But by submerging other considerations to such scholarship and to care for the instrumental and vocal manners proposed by Count Bardi's circle of innovators, the producers of this recording have done nothing more than to make the text and notes of *L'Euridice* audible. Like all operas, of course, it should be seen and felt as well as heard. But even as just heard, it could be infused with a dramatic sense of life, which this inert performance crabbedly lacks. The recording tells us something about the birth of opera, and we are grateful. But Amadeo has not given us more than a stingy portion of what we might be grateful for.

Duncan Robertson, left—"exactly right as Valetto." Right: Soo-Bee Lee as Damigella.

The Angel recording of the Glyndebourne Festival version of Monteverdi's *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* (3644, $9.96; stereo SBL-3644, $11.96) is accurately described by the February *Schwann* as "selections." The admirable booklet accompanying the two records says, "This recording of the Glyndebourne version of *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* has been abridged in such a way that no complete scenes have been omitted. Many scenes have been reduced in length, but the continuity of the music and the story has been maintained." We still do not have, then, an opportuntiy to hear Monteverdi's masterpiece as a whole. But these records do provide a vivid, at times a magnificent, performance of those sections of the opera remaining (and, to be sure, the editing, though fatal to the over-all design and balance of the opera, omits no passage of the most intense musical or dramatic interest).

John Pritchard conducts handsomely the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, the Glyndebourne Festival Chorus, and a cast of sixteen topped by Magda Laszlo (Poppea), Lydia Marimpietri (Drusilla), Frances Bible (Ottavia), Oralia Dominguez (Arnalta), Richard Lewis (Nerone), Walter Alberti (Ottone), Carlo Cava (Seneca), and Duncan Robertson (Valetto). *L'Incoronazione* is a very strange and wonderful opera. To the astonishingly immoral and convincing libretto of Giovanni Francesco Busenello, the seventy-four-year-old Monteverdi wedded a score as remarkable as the achievements of Verdi's old age. Allowing for the stylistic changes of two centuries, in fact, *L'Incoronazione* is curiously like what Verdi might have made of *La Forza del Destino* if he had composed it in 1892 instead of 1862. Like *La Forza*, it is implacable but touched with farce. Like *La Forza*, it is rich in characters little or not at all involved in the chief plot line. Like *La Forza*, finally (when Verdi's opera is performed complete, that is, and not as at present abridged, rearranged, and misrepresented at the Metropolitan), *L'Incoronazione* runs a very wide gamut of musical moods and manners.

Mr. Pritchard has conducted *L'Incoronazione* with full belief in its drama as well as its music. Magda Laszlo, Richard Lewis, Frances Bible, and Lydia Marimpietri use Busenello's words and Monteverdi's marvelous, responsive vocal lines to bring Poppea and Nero and Ottavia and Drusilla to urgent life as people caught in an unarguable passion. And yet the special glories of this performance appear in the handling of three tangential roles. Duncan Robertson is exactly right as Valetto, making a quirky human being of that precursor of Oscar in *Un Ballo in Maschera*. As Seneca, Carlo Cava can make us believe that in fact he is an elder statesman and philosopher; the moving scene of his farewell to his disciples is superbly accomplished. The most electrifying of the singers here, however, is Oralia Dominguez as Arnalta. Both when singing Poppea to sleep ("Adagiati, Poppea") and in the astonishing final soliloquy on the falseness of courtiers ("Oggi sarà Poppea di Roma imperatrice"), she sings with tonal and passionate expressiveness for which little if anything earlier in her recording career can have prepared us. The result is a great performance.

SPACE fails for praise and some blame for the handling of smaller roles in this predominantly blazing reading (though one cannot refrain from mentioning two excellent performers with the unlikely names of Soo-Bee Lee and John Shirley-Quirk). Chiefly, then, one is grateful to Glyndebourne for these selections from an enduring masterpiece; to John Pritchard for his strong conception of its nature and his firm guidance (as well as for preserving the oddly stirring repeated vocal tones of Monteverdi's "stile concitato"); and to the singers of the chief parts for approaching Monteverdi as what, at least in this late opera, he remains: an intense melodramatic composer of the highest genius.

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Recordings in Review

The Centuries of Fischer-Dieskau

SCARLATTI, A.: *"Infirmata Vulnerata."* TELEMANN: *"Die Hoffnung ist mein Leben."* COUPERIN ("Le Grand"): *"Leçons de Ténèbres" (1st Lesson). Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, baritone; with Edith Picht-Axenfeld, harpsichord; Irmgard Poppen, cello; Aurèle Nicolet, flute; and Helmut Heller, violin.* Angel 36237, $4.98; stereo S 36237, $5.98.

Every time it appears that Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau has stretched his stylistic sense further than it is humanly possible for one person to encompass (Mozart to Henze), he appears in a new context, even more taxing to his contemporaries. For, in truth, he has no rivals among male singers of the present time for diversity, thoroughness, and enterprise.

What impresses me particularly about this collection—or two-thirds of it at least—is Fischer-Dieskau's ability to conform to the necessities of the material he undertakes, rather than altering them, however subtly, to fit his own best capacities. His Scarlatti, for instance, is as beautiful an example of intelligibility in its language (Latin) as the Telemann is in its (German). Even so superior a singer as John McCormack could not avoid a few characteristics (his *r* sound, for example, and his vowels) to be equally personal to his English and his Italian.

The exception among this fine survey of a literature all too little favored by singers of his quality is the treatment of François Couperin ("Le Grand"). I have yet to accustom myself to Fischer-Dieskau's French (his "French lieder," as they were called in a DGG issue, was one of the relatively few discs that failed by a wide margin to meet his characteristic standard), but the difficulty here is not predominantly with the text. It doesn't strike me as right for either his range or vocal timbre. However, the Telemann is performed with enough facility, distinctness, and persuasiveness in an unfamiliar idiom to mark this disc as unique, and the Scarlatti is almost as good. The violin playing by Helmut Heller of a more than Bach-like obbligato is as artistic as it is spirited.

Furtwängler in Dahlem

STRAUSS: *"Don Juan" and "Till Eulenspiegel."* MOZART: *"Eine Kleine Nachtmusik"; Overtures to "Nozze di Figaro" and "Entführung aus dem Serail." Wilhelm Furtwängler conducting the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.* DGG LPM 18960, $5.98 (mono only).

Though the most recent of the performances on this disc dates from 1949, it is likely to endure longer and provide more insight on the music it contains than all but a handful of records produced this year by the latest multichannel techniques. (Some may be acquainted with prior processing for 45 rpm, but it is the first time they have been presented together on LP.) This is a tribute to the power and conviction of Furtwängler's interpretive personality, and their effect, through him, on the orchestra with which he had so long an association.

There are familiar instances in which that power and conviction imposed burdens under which the music with which he was concerned became misshapen and distorted. And there are others—such as the famous performances of the Schubert C-major Symphony and Tchaikovsky's *Pathétique*, the Haydn No. 88 (among others)—in which they provided a shape and definition that could be matched against any others for justice and proportion. It is to the latter category that much of this disc's contents belongs, and the proper notices of uncommon interest are thereafter proclaimed.

They range in time from 1943 (for *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* and the overture to *Figaro*) to 1949 for the *Entführung* overture, with the Strauss assigned to 1947. Each has its quota of marvelous music, whether on the lacelike scale of the trio in the minuet of *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik* or the uproar of *Don Juan*. According to the information locally available, these performances emanated from the Gemeindehaus (Town Hall) of Dahlem (a western suburb of Berlin).

Given proper equalization, they are better than fair in sound, which is to say as good as or superior to the Toscanini recordings of the same period. To judge from the coughs that may be heard at times during *Till Eulenspiegel*, this, at least, was a concert performance or broadcast.

Ghitalla and Monteux

HUMMEL: *Concerto in E. Armando Ghitalla, trumpet, with the Boston Chamber Ensemble conducted by Pierre Monteux.* MOLTER, J. M.: *Concerto in D. Ghitalla with Harry Farbman conducting.* ALBRECHTSBERGER, J. G.: *Concertino in E flat. Ghitalla, with Roger Shermont, violin; Alfred Zighera, viola; Jean Cauhape, piano; and James Weaver, piano.* Cambridge Records CR 819, $4.98; stereo CRS 1819, $5.98.

It is a sample of the unconventional attitude of the late Pierre Monteux toward his accomplishments and his fame that he would offer to participate in such a venture as this because he esteemed its principal performer (a member of the Boston Symphony for a decade and a half, and thus a Monteux "familial"). Perhaps it added no great amount to the musical distinction of a performance that had been prepared with Farbman, but it conferred the benefit, at least, of attracting attention—such as this—which might not have otherwise accrued.

So far as the talents of Ghitalla are concerned, these are of a quietly spectacular variety that serve as a reminder —if it is necessary—of the musicianship that goes into the makeup of such an ensemble as the BSO. In the Albrechtsberger, in particular, one is almost persuaded to forget that the instrument he plays on is powered by breath, so facile is Ghitalla in conserving his supply and renewing it without audible inhalation. He is no less adept with the piccolo trumpet for which Molter (a partial contemporary of Bach, who died fifteen years after that great master) wrote.

However, the musical rewards of all the works (including the Albrechtsberger) are far inferior to the quality and artistry Ghitalla expends on them. Doubtless they would have a compelling interest for connoisseurs of wind instrument virtuosity, as well as for devotees of Monteux, but the musical substance is thinly spread. This includes the work of Hummel, whose art, in some other contexts, gives cause for esteem.

Armando Ghitalla (left) with Pierre Monteux—"talents. . . of a quietly spectacular variety."

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The Voice of Prevedi

GIORDANO: *"Un dì all'azzurro spazio," "Si, fui soldato . . . " and "Come un bel dì maggio" ("Andrea Chénier"); "Amor ti vieta" ("Fedora").* VERDI: *"Ah si, ben mio" ("Il Trovatore")* and *"La vita è inferno" ("La Forza del destino").* MASCAGNI: *"Mamma, quel vino è generoso" ("Cavalleria Rusticana").* PUCCINI: *"Recondita armonia" ("Tosca"), "Addio, fiorito asil" ("Madama Butterfly"), "Ch'ella mi creda libero e lontano" ("La Fanciulla del West"), "Non piangere Liù!" . . . and Nessun dorma!" ("Turandot"). Bruno Prevedi, tenor, with the Royal Opera House Orchestra conducted by Edward Downes.* London 5875, $4.98; stereo OS 25875, $5.98.

How Bruno Prevedi, the newest in a long line of tenors who are both young and Italian, might fare as something more than an aria singer was answered early this month when he made his debut at the Metropolitan as Cavaradossi in *Tosca*. The answer was: better than fair. He is among the rarities whose volume is not misrepresented by the first recordings of it (he is also to be heard as Macduff on the Nilsson *Macbeth* that London is releasing this month), with the kind of vocal sound that is sometimes called "frank," and which may also be described as bright, appealing, and resonant.

For a singer who made his debut as a baritone (Tonio) as recently as 1958, and has been performing as a tenor for only five years, there is relatively little evidence of a transitional problem—in this recording at least. In the theater it sounded as though he was working hard to keep the vocal line straight in the "newer" part of the voice (F to C), and there are evidences in this recording—especially the *Forza* excerpt—that he is still to master the production of A's and B flats. Having come this far, however, there is no reason why he shouldn't go even further—assuming that he doesn't overload himself with too many commitments too soon.

He is especially good to hear, in this collection, in the Giordano and Puccini material, particularly where the line is sustained and doesn't move too quickly, as in "Amor ti vieta" and "Ch'ella mi creda libero e lontano." He does well, too, with the *Andrea Chénier* excerpts, save at the climaxes, where he is tempted to exchange musical production for a shout. But there is the material here for a long and gratifying career, if Prevedi can smooth out the rough spots and discipline the whole. The annotation, incidentally, about *Cavalleria Rusticana* adds a hitherto unknown detail to the plot, stating that "Mamma quel vino è generoso" is Turiddu's last outburst before he is stabbed to death in a duel of honor with Alfio—the brother of Lola, his lover." Ah! these Sicilians (there is no possible doubt that Lola is Mrs. Alfio)!

The Two Miss Hornes

ROSSINI: *"Eccomi al fine" ("Semiramide"), "Cruda sorte!" ("L'Italiana in Algeri"), and "Nacqui all'affanno" ("La Cenerentola").* MOZART: *"Parto, parto" ("La Clemenza di Tito").* MEYERBEER: *"Nobles seigneurs, Salut!" ("Les Huguenots"), "O Prêtres de Baal" ("Le Prophète").* DONIZETTI: *"Deciso è dunque" ("La Figlia del Reggimento"). Marilyn Horne, soprano, with the orchestra of the Royal Opera House, conducted by Henry Lewis.* London 5910, $4.98; stereo OS 25910, $5.98.

Of the two Marilyn Hornes represented on this record, I am much more partial to the one who sings quietly and with fine composure in the Mozart excerpt and in the less florid portions of the Donizetti aria. In these she has much more opportunity to exhibit her musicianship than in the showier matter of Meyerbeer and Rossini; they offer more that is rewarding musically and pose the possibility that as well as being adept in the vocal equivalents of *pirouettes, tours en l'air,* and *arabesques,* Miss Horne may be able to put them together to a dramatic outcome.

For it is a fact that, like others who were animated by the original example of Maria Callas to devote themselves to mastery of a bygone versatility, Miss Horne finds it easier to excel in what is imitable (technical facility) and hardly possible to approach what about that remarkable artist was, and remains, inimitable; her dramatic flair, her rare talent for creating character as well as commanding attention. Miss Horne fares reasonably well in the *Semiramide* excerpt and "Nobles seigneurs," but when she comes to a real challenge to esprit as well as execution in "Non più mesta," she leaves much undone.

As a vocalist, Miss Horne remains something of a "What is it?"—especially as neither the record jacket nor the textual matter affiliate her with any category, familiar or otherwise. The first inclination would be to describe her as a mezzo with an extended top, but repeated listenings suggest that she is more of a natural soprano with an added low range. There are also indications that Miss Horne is still insecure in some areas of her range, that her descending chromatic scale (in Rossini) slurs rather than articulates the tones, and that her sense of pitch is variable. None of these are of major consequence, but where such emphasis is put on the execution of the difficult, nay the impossible, it is well that there be no room for argument about precision, intonation, articulation, or other minutiae. Henry Lewis, who is Miss Horne's husband, conducts in the connubial manner that provides support rather than guidance.

Chez Valletti

FAURE: *"Après un rêve," "Dans les ruines d'une abbaye," "Le secret," "Automne," and "Clair de lune."* SZULC: *"Clair de lune."* DEBUSSY: *"Clair de lune," "Beau soir," "C'est l'extase," "Romance," "Mandoline."* DUPARC: *"Chanson triste," "Extase," "L'invitation au voyage," "Phidylé," "Le manoir de Rosemonde."* HAHN: *"Si mes vers avaient des ailes," "Rêverie," "D'une prison," "Paysage." Cesare Valletti, tenor, with Leo Taubman, piano.* RCA Victor LM 2787, $4.98; stereo LSC 2787, $5.98.

Merely to say that the Valletti voice is in prime condition and the Valletti art has never been better than it is in this collection should be a sufficient guarantee of quality for those properly attuned to both. For others, who need more than the assurance plus the list of contents, it may be noted that this is the rarest kind of artistic adaptation, a Roman-born, opera-trained tenor who has become one of the best, if not the best, exponent of the French literature in his voice range currently active.

It is hardly necessary to cite his command of such familiar masterpieces as *Après un rêve, Phidylé,* or *Extase* to prove the point. It is rather more to the point to cite his consideration for history and his implied flattery of the listener's awareness of such values in juxtaposing the three frequently mentioned but rarely affiliated versions of Paul Verlaine's *Clair de lune,* by Fauré, Szulc, and Debussy. Moreover, Valletti sings them with an instant appreciation of the variations that distinguish one composer's treatment from another's. This is not too difficult in the case of Fauré and Debussy, but it is a tribute to his resources that he does not do less well by Szulc.

For that matter, Valletti is beautifully adept in applying just the kind of vocal weight and color that will make equally accessible a song such as the youthful Hahn's undulating *Si mes vers avaient des ailes* or the deeper subsurface of Fauré's *Dans les ruines d'une abbaye.* Some might say that there is not, after all, *that* much weight in the Valletti vocal displacement; but like the jeweler who uses the smallest measures to balance his scales, the less there is of anything, the more important it is to apportion it perfectly. It should be mentioned, too, that Taubman has found a piano sound better suited to his partner than has been heard from him before.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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"A Burst of Glory!"

That's what the New York Times called Chopin's E Minor Concerto as played by the Russian virtuoso

Emil Gilels

"His performance was beautiful, authoritative and idiomatic. With

Eugene Ormandy

and the Philadelphia Orchestra lending perfectly coordinated support, the pianist felt free to be free.... Performances like this come very seldom."

ML 6112/MS 6712 Stereo

Chopin

The Sound of Genius on COLUMBIA RECORDS

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The Other Side

A Nod for Tippett

London.

ALTHOUGH Lent has brought with it important new versions of *Messiah* and the *St. Matthew Passion*, pride of place among the March issues really belongs to Michael Tippett, whose recent sixtieth birthday has provided our record companies with a welcome excuse for making amends to a distinguished figure in English musical life after years of shameful neglect. Until a few weeks ago, only two major works of Tippett were available on disc: the Concerto for Double String Orchestra and the oratorio *A Child of Our Time*—both composed about a quarter of a century ago. Now, all at once, this pitiful list has been augmented by two string quartets, two song cycles, a piano sonata, the Piano Concerto (first performed in 1956), and the Concerto for Orchestra (composed for the 1963 Edinburgh Festival).

Of course, unlike Britten (to whom, incidentally, the Concerto for Orchestra is dedicated), Tippett has never been a prolific composer; where Britten is able to communicate readily with any audience to whom he addresses himself, Tippett seems to inhabit a world that is far more difficult to penetrate—the intensely personal world of a man who is part sensualist, part ascetic, and part philosopher. Perhaps the most interesting of the new discs is that published by HMV in association with the British Council, for the two works it contains—the Piano Concerto and the Second Piano Sonata—are intimately bound up with Tippett's operas, *The Midsummer Marriage* and *King Priam*, each of which occupied him for several years.

Both are splendidly played by John Ogdon (supported in the Concerto by the Philharmonia under Colin Davis) and they show the quite remarkable change in the composer's style over the past decade. Whereas the Concerto matches the rich, lyrical foliage of the earlier opera, the Sonata reflects the sterner, self-denying disciplines of *King Priam* with its spare textures and its greater emphasis on rhythmic patterns. I find the Sonata extraordinarily impressive, while the even more recent Concerto for Orchestra—recorded by Davis and the London Symphony on Philips—is undoubtedly one of Tippett's most important achievements to date. It, too, was recorded under the auspices of the British Council and is coupled with the Little Symphony by Alexander Goehr, a promising British composer now in his early thirties.

From Argo comes a most welcome disc of Tippett reissues: the fine pair of vocal works, *Boyhood's End* and *The*

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Heart's Assurance, recorded by Peter Pears and the late Noel Mewton-Wood in the days when this company possessed more enthusiasm than technical expertise (the new transfers, however, are much improved), and the Amadeus performance of the Second String Quartet (1942), which originally appeared on HMV some years ago. Lastly, from the Scottish firm of Waverley, there is the First String Quartet, a very early and not altogether characteristic work, coupled with Bloch's Third Quartet, both of them competently performed by the Edinburgh Quartet.

Decca's new *St. Matthew Passion*, complete on four discs, was recorded in the Church of Schloss Ludwigsburg, near Stuttgart, last year and is now issued to mark the twentieth anniversary of the celebrated Stuttgart Chamber Orchestra. This ensemble and its founder-conductor, Karl Münchinger, have been closely associated with the company for most of these two decades, and there can be little doubt that it was their recordings of the early LP era—especially their set of *Brandenburg Concertos* and Vivaldi's *Four Seasons*—that made them world-famous.

This latest project is much the most ambitious Münchinger and his group have ever tackled, and the distinguished team of soloists Decca placed at their disposal suggests that the recording was intended as a formidable rival to EMI's mighty Klemperer version. It is indeed an impressive achievement, for the performance is most accomplished and the recording excellent (save for one minor flaw, to which I shall return). Those who find Klemperer's performance too heavily stamped with the conductor's personality will probably welcome Münchinger's straightforward, middle-of-the-road reading with its predominantly sensible tempi and clear-cut texture.

They may not necessarily applaud his decision to employ an all-male chorus or the use of an organ, not a harpsichord, to carry the main burden of the continuo part, but in other respects they will find the work performed with great individual and corporate skill and undeniable devotion. In one respect it certainly equals the Angel set: the part of the Evangelist is once more in the supremely artistic care of Peter Pears. Hermann Prey is an ardent, youthful Jesus, although his singing lacks the spiritual quality of Fischer-Dieskau, while the tenor and bass arias are exceptionally well sung by Fritz Wunderlich and Tom Krause (if anything, I prefer them to Gedda and Berry on Angel). The soprano, a sweet-voiced newcomer called Elly Ameling, is also excellent, and only the contralto, Marga Höffgen, though more than adequate, is no match for her opposite number—the redoubtable Christa Ludwig. —THOMAS HEINITZ.

"Rejoice!"
wrote the New York Herald Tribune about
Rudolf Serkin
and his performance of Schumann's Konzertstück and A Minor Concerto. "He well deserved the bravos."
And the review adds that the Philadelphia Orchestra and
Eugene Ormandy
"were impeccable as usual."

ML 6088/MS 6688 Stereo

Schumann
The Sound of Genius
on COLUMBIA RECORDS

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RECORDINGS REPORTS I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Chopin: Concerto in E minor. Emil Gilels, piano, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy, Columbia ML 6112, $4.98; stereo MS 6712, $5.98.	The past winter's visit by the Soviet artist produced some of the finest piano playing New York has heard in recent years. This is a replica of one such performance with the Philadelphia Orchestra, full of superbly calculated execution, glistening articulation, and a quality of piano sound rarely reproduced with such fidelity. Withal it tends to be a little monochromatic, impressive rather than engaging, and conducive more to envy among those competitively involved with the instrument than satisfaction to those whose interest is the invention of Chopin rather than Cristofori. The concordance between soloist and conductor could hardly be more complete.
Grieg: *Peer Gynt.* Tchaikovsky: *Nutcracker Suite.* Herbert von Karajan conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London CM 9420, $4.98; stereo CS 6420, $5.98.	Karajan's predilection for music in this vein is not celebrated, but if it pleased the palates of Toscanini and Beecham, why not his? The question here would seem, however, how he accommodates himself to the special qualities and demands of these works. So far as it relates to execution, orchestral sound, and instrumental virtuosity, the answer would be: Very well, indeed. London has taken its best microphones out of the vaults, spliced up new cables and otherwise contrived every mechanical aid to reproduction, with results that are very special indeed. However, the Karajan aversion to tenderness, grace, or mere simplicity of feeling results in an imposing façade to an empty building. One could hardly dance to a Trepak played at the speed of this one nor are the mood pieces of Grieg allowed to show themselves in their true, simple colors without a liberal application of orchestral rouge and paint. A beautiful sound, though, if that is only what is wanted.
Ives: *Housatonic at Stockbridge.* Copland: *Quiet City.* Cowell: *Ancient Desert Drone.* Gilbert: *Dance in the Place Congo.* Werner Janssen conducting. Everest LPBR 6118, $4.98; stereo SDBR 3118, $4.98.	The impression that these might be performances of the quality originally associated with Everest is deflated by the subtitle "Electronically stereotized." The sound, on inspection, turns out to be even more remote from a recognizable antecedent, for it is derived from a recording of the 1940s, which originally circulated on 78 rpm, transferred to tape from the masters. What happened thereafter results in a kind of glazed, unvibrant sound which is clear enough—mostly—but rather remote and disembodied. The performances are not without artistic quality, but the representation of them is of questionable utility. The Copland and Ives items are available in more representative form, but there is no reference, in Schwann, to the Cowell or Gilbert.
Mendelssohn: Concertos in E and A flat. Arthur Gold and Robert Fizdale, duo pianists, with the Philadelphia Orchestra conducted by Eugene Ormandy. Columbia ML 6081, $4.98; stereo MS 6681, $5.98.	As samples of the fluency and technical command that Mendelssohn possessed before he was fifteen, these two concerti are no less breath-taking . . . a skill in notation that rivals some recent prodigies, ability to manage calculus. However there are, even in the "later" A flat, (which suggests that between the two works his youthful ears had been introduced to the music of Carl Maria von Weber) few intimations of the immortality that was to illuminate his Octet for strings and *Midsummer Night's Dream* Overture within a year or two. Gold and Fizdale perform them with more polish and, where permissible, dash than prior interpreters for the phonograph, and Ormandy's orchestra takes its part with a good deal of enthusiasm.
Rossini: Overtures to *Die Diebische Elster, Die Seidene Leiter, Wilhelm Tell, u.s.w.* Tullio Serafin conducting the Orchestra of the Rome Opera. DGG LPEM 19395, $5.98; stereo SLPEM 136395, $5.98.	The label copy reproduced as printed, should not mislead anyone to the belief that these are something other than familiar Rossini overtures, however disguised. They are, of course, the *Thieving Magpie, Silken Ladder,* and *William Tell* on Side I with the *Barber of Seville* (plus the "storm music" of Act III) on Side II, followed by the *Semiramide* Overture. Serafin takes a little longer to develop a proper pace and momentum than may have been true at some prior times, but once under way, the climaxes are truly conveyed. The playing of the Rome Opera orchestra lacks a little in sparkle, but it follows its experienced director well. On the whole, not an addition to the category of Rossini overture records that could be called great (Toscanini, Beecham, Reiner, Cantelli) but securely among the good ones. The recording reflects the character of the performances: more power than finesse.
Saint-Saëns: Concerto No. 3 in B minor, Op. 61. Vieuxtemps: Concerto No. 5 in A minor, Op. 37. Arthur Grumiaux, violin, with the Lamoureux Orchestra conducted by Manuel Rosenthal. Philips PHM 500 061, $4.98; stereo PHS 900 061, $5.98.	This disc is something more than a highly satisfactory solution of the problems presented by these two touchstones of quality for violinists. It qualifies Grumiaux as the best exponent extant of the repertory, a blooded descendant of the best in the Franco-Belgian school of violin playing, as are the works themselves. His sound was always notable for quality, but something has now been done to enhance its quantity, either through his own development or through adroit use of the microphones. In either case, it adds a measure of weight and penetration to his sound, which makes it even more suitable for what Grumiaux is capable of doing with it. Manuel Rosenthal, whose phonographic appearances have been too seldom of late, makes the most of this one.
Schumann: *Konzerstück,* Op. 86. Karl Ristenpart conducting the Chamber Orchestra of the Sarre, with Georges Barbateau, Michel Berges, Daniel Dubar, and Gilbert Coursier, French horns. *Konzerstück,* Op. 92. Ristenpart conducting, with Roger Boutry, piano. Nonesuch H 1044, $2.50; stereo H 71044, $2.50.	Schumann enthusiasts will find that the orchestral work with its quartet of horn soli comes close to being a fifth symphony to put beside the familiar four, as the *Konzertstück* for piano is more than sixteen minutes of a counterpart for the A-minor Concerto. In both cases, however, the work begins better than it ends—with an aspiration for a fresh inspiration, but a deviation, after a while, to familiar patterns and solutions that echo earlier, better works. In the work with horns, it is the symphonies, especially the Spring; in the piano-orchestral score, it is the quintet as well as the concerto. For those to whom whatever is Schumannesque is valuable beyond anything which is not, it may be added that the performances are thoroughly good, the horns apparently from sources which practise the truly mellifluous, flexible French sound, rather than the heavier, brassier German variety. Boutry also holds the interest up to the time when the work itself loses it. Excellent reproduction.
Wagner: "Entrance of the Guests" and Overture *(Tannhäuser)*; Introduction to Act III *(Lohengrin)*; "Magic Fire Music" and "Ride of the Valkyries" *(Die Walküre)*; "Liebestod" *(Tristan und Isolde)*. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML 6101, $4.98; stereo MS 6701, $5.98.	The first impulse in listening to this collection is to commend Ormandy for taking a brisker pace than is customary in performances of the *Festmarsch,* to urge it ahead at an enlivening tempo. However, it turns out that this is Ormandy's prevailing tendency, whether the music is in need of such assistance or not (that is, the *Tannhäuser* Overture as well as the introduction to Act III of *Lohengrin*). What emerges, eventually, is a series of opportunities for the Philadelphia Orchestra to exercise its abilities, which are of course considerable. What is lacking, however, is any real relation to the background or the atmosphere from which the works derive even to the extent of having the "Magic Fire music" come before the "Ride of the Valkyries." I can see no need, technical or otherwise, to justify a procedure that might as well be right as wrong. The recording is excellent, anyway. —I.K.

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Loudness Under Control

WHEN HIGH FIDELITY first became a popular interest almost everyone who had a set played it at a full blast. It was impressive, and it advertised possession a whole block away. The ecstatic roar of a Haydn quartet played at full volume has been known to make strong men cry; especially musicians.

With any amplifier and speaker there is a point beyond which increasing the volume causes more increase in distortion than of sound level. We have learned to use this distortion as a cue to loudness; this is why most portable radios sound "loud" (and objectionable) even when so far away as to be almost inaudible. The heady mixture of throatily distorted ballads and baseball games that wafts over our beaches sounds tranquil only in wintry retrospect.

The first man on the block with a ten-watt amplifier soon discovered that he could turn the volume up, and up, and up without its sounding "loud" from distortion, and he was happy. Of course, the next-door neighbors were a bit less sanguine, since—distortion or no—ten watts of power carry further than a watt and a half, especially with improved bass to shake the walls.

Once the novelty of loud, clean sound decreased, so did this aspect of the problem. But considerate audiophiles, who turned their volume down, found they were missing something—as the volume decreased, the music seemed not only softer, but farther and farther away. At very low volumes, nothing could be heard but a distant-sounding squawk.

This was no fault of the system but of the rascally human ear—and the Fletcher-Munson effect.

As the over-all level of a complex sound decreases, according to Fletcher's and Munson's experiments, our ears become less sensitive to the frequency extremes within that sound, especially the lower tones. When we move away from a sound source, its level drops, and we find the low fundamental tones harder and harder to hear; but we accept this as one of the natural aural cues by which we determine distance. Listening in the home, however, where the speaker does not move farther off as volume decreases, this loss of the bass we've paid so much to hear is distressing to most people.

Hence, the loudness control, a volume control with bass compensation added. As this control is turned down, bass boost is introduced so that the low frequency level drops less rapidly than does the over-all level. Fletcher's and Mun-

(*Continued on page 61*)

Only a few people had the thrill of hearing Callas sing Tosca at the Met.

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At home.

In a new stereo recording.

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RECORDINGS REPORTS II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: *Bagatelles* (Op. 126) *Ecossaisen* (E flat), *Rage over a Lost Penny, Für Elise, Andante Favori* in F, Rondos (Op. 51 Nos. 12 and 2), and Variations on *Nel cor più sento* (Paisiello). Wilhelm Kempff, piano. DGG LPM 18934, $5.98; stereo SLPM 138934, $5.98.	Kempff plays this repertory just the way it should be played, with a comprehension of the place each note has in Beethoven's scheme, but no effort to impart a significance to them that they do not possess. Best of them musically are, of course, the *Bagatelles* of his late years, which concentrate a good deal of thought in a decidedly limited quantity of notes. In such pieces as *Für Elise* and the variations on *Nel cor più,* Kempff approaches the Schnabel level of discrimination and justice.
Brahms (Joachim): Hungarian Dances, Nos. 1-20. Robert Gerle, violin, with Norman Shetler, piano. Westminster XWN 19093, $4.98; stereo WST 17093, $4.98.	So far as the usual sources disclose, there is no predecessor for this complete edition of the Joachim transcriptions of the Brahms Hungarian Dances, and Gerle has a feeling for the style as is his Hungarian birthright. However, he has been lax about doing his homework, for the playing is erratic in pitch and far from consistent in tone quality, as though some of the dances were much less familiar to him than others. The record bears out his contention that the "best-known dances" are not unfailingly the "most beautiful ones," especially as favor, among violinists, tends to follow those that are also much played in orchestral arrangements. Enthusiasm for the idea and esteem for other recordings by Gerle must be tempered by the clear evidence that this is not the kind of playing on which that esteem is based. Shetler collaborates expertly.
Janácek: *Galgolitic Mass.* Rafael Kubelik conducting the chorus and orchestra of the Bavarian Radio; with Evelyn Lear, soprano; Hilde Rössel-Majdan, mezzo; Ernst Häfliger, tenor; Franz Crass, bass; and Bedrich Janácek, organ. Deutsche Grammophon LPM 18954, $5.98; stereo SLPM 138954, $5.98.	With its Slavonic text and unexpected intrusions of folklike material, not to mention an organ solo just before the end, this "Mass" ("Galgolithic" derives from the kind of script utilized to preserve the idiomatic sounds of the Slavonic text) has very little relationship to any orthodox (or reformed) service. But as it is powered by Janácek's compulsion to self-expression and his reverence for "Nature's cathedral" (the forest) rather than any man-made house of worship, it finds an ideal interpreter in Kubelik, who has a strong feeling for its uninhibited outbursts of exuberance as well as a refined sense of the composer's subtleties of style. From the strong soprano of Lear to the sturdy bass of Crass, the soloists are well-chosen for understanding as well as vocal type (Häfliger is especially good in the Credo). Bedrich Janácek plays the organ as though he had a proprietary interest in the music (his relationship to the composer is not mentioned, nor is the place of the recording identified).
Padilla: *Princesita.* A. Lara: *Granada, Sevilla.* M. T. Lara: *Valencia, Toledo.* Osman: *Ay-Ay-Ay.* Ponce: *Estrellita.* Sandoval: *Sin tu amor.* Serrano: *El Trust de los tenorios.* Grever: *Te quiero.* Alvarez: *La Partida.* Lacalle: *Amapola.* Luigi Alva, tenor, with the New Symphony of London conducted by Iller Pattacini. London 5866, $4.98; stereo OS25866, $5.98.	Just as every Italian tenor is expected to be adept at Neapolitan songs, whether he comes from Sicily or Umbria, and every singer of the Negro race must, *per se,* have a special affinity for spirituals, so it is a tenet of the A and R credo that every Latin must be at home in Spanish canzona though, as in the case of Alva, he comes from Peru (and the best "Spanish" singer of recent years was Tito Schipa, a native of Lecce). Within his range, as he has shown at the Metropolitan, Alva is a charming performer, but that range doesn't comprehend the power or the projection to give *Granada* an appropriate lift, or make Lara's *Valencia* (not to be confused with Padilla's famous song of that title) convincing. He is agreeable in the latter's *Princesita,* a melodic beauty that has escaped the exposure of some of his other tunes, and also in *Estrellita,* though it is crooned rather than sung, and in a moderate dance tempo. The lightness and lack of top of the Alva voice leave him lacking of the dynamic needs for Grever's *Te quiero, dijiste munequita linda.* In his best range (F to A) Alva does well, especially in *La Partida,* which will be known to everyone by everything except by name (Kosti? Cugat?). The recording is excellent, as are the backgrounds by Pattacini, who schemed up the tasteful arrangements.
Schubert: Sonata in D, Op. 54, Impromptus in G flat (Op. 90. No. 3) and A flat (Op. 90. No. 4). Clifford Curzon, piano. London CM 9416, $4.98; stereo CS6414, $5.98.	Curzon belongs to the company of artists, small at any time and now almost minuscule, who are not so much performers as communicators. Thus it may be assumed that the usual elements that enter into a performance—accuracy, velocity, variety—have all been accounted for as preconditions to what Curzon is really about: an understanding of Schubert's purpose and as complete an exposition of it as he conveys. There are, naturally, resemblances to the version by Schnabel now enshrined among the *Great Recordings of the Century,* but Curzon has long since passed from the shadow of his mentor to a position where he casts a shadow of his own. It does not stress the purely pianistic values as much as the versions by Richter and Gilels, but it does convey some insights into Schubert's mental functioning that eludes them. The impromptus are beautifully played, but there is an opportunity here for a play of color, of pianistic light and shade, that has been better fulfilled by others (Rubinstein and Lipatti most recently). However, even the comparisons do Curzon honor.
Schumann: Quartets Op. 41 (Nos. 1, 2, and 3). Brahms: Quartets (Op. 51, Nos. 1 and 2), Op 67. Kohon Quartet. VOX VBX 42, $9.95; stereo SVBX 542, $9.95.	There are several excellent reasons for combining the quartets of Schumann with those of Brahms, the most fundamental of which is the close affinity of the later composer with the earlier, and the evidence of it in these works. Also, the six works can be accommodated on as many sides, whereas either of three by one composer would require two discs. This requires some carry-over of movements from one side to another, but no vital interruptions. What is somewhat more difficult is to find an ensemble whose feeling for both composers is equally valid, and whose performing style is also compatible with their needs. The players led by Harold Kohon are unfailingly musical, but the size and scope of their sound has a greater affinity for Schumann's writing than for Brahms'. In the latter, the attack tends to be a little light, the body of tone lacking in weight and thrust for the waves of sound Brahms develops, especially in his scherzi. And in such a moodful slow movement as the Andante of the Brahms B flat, the players do not sound as if they had arrived at a completely digested absorption of what they have undertaken. Save for some limitations of tone, as noted, the reproduction is first class.
Strauss: *Der Rosenkavalier* excerpts—Introduction and opening scene; "Da geht er hin," to end of Act I; Presentation of the Rose (Act II); "Mein Gott! Es war nicht mehr als eine Farce!" to end of opera. Régine Crespin, Elisabeth Söderström, and Hilde Güden, with the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra conducted by Silvio Varviso. London 5905, $4.98; stereo OS25905, $5.98.	Those who collect Marschallins will want to add as much of Crespin's as this disc contains, though it may not challenge certain others as enduring favorites. To my taste it is beautifully sung, less persuasively characterized, perhaps because the visual presence that contributes to the effect of her performance in the theater is absent here. Reduced to the sound of voice alone, one becomes conscious that she is pronouncing every word as a fact in itself, rather than molding it into a conversational, or soliloquizing, sequence with all the others. This also tends to interrupt the musical flow, which it can ill afford at Varviso's mostly phlegmatic tempi. There is, of course, a special interest in Söderström's Oktavian (she has, to date, only sung Sophie at the Metropolitan) in which she is well practiced and wholly adept. The art of it is excellent, the vocal weight a little light to give the kind of support to the sound it should provide in the trio. Perhaps the abiding wonder is Güden's continuing ability to produce the kind of silvery sound she still commands for Sophie. In totality, the record can be recommended for the inordinate amount of beautiful sound it contains, though with a measured warning that it is frequently at the expense of believable characterization. —I.K.

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Continued from page 59

son's experiments—and the later, if less well-known ones of Robinson and Dadson—show that a very slight treble compensation might be advisable but (as Edgar Villchur has pointed out) it is safer and simpler to omit this than to risk over-compensating.

Most high-fidelity control amplifiers or preamps today have such a loudness control, almost invariably combined with a switch that restores normal, uncompensated volume control action when desired.

Such a control is still perforce inaccurate. The degree of compensation supplied is a function of the position of the volume control. But the degree required is not a function of level, or even simply of change in level. A drop of 30 decibels, as when playing 110 db* noise at a level of 80 db, will require almost no compensation to maintain proper tonal balance; but dropping an 80 db sound the same distance—30 db—to the 50 level db would necessitate a good deal of bass boost compensation.

Moreover, while an orchestra is louder than a string quartet, they are both recorded at about the same peak levels to obtain the best possible signal-to-noise ratios. Even if audio systems and listening room acoustics could be standardized so that the "nine o'clock" position of the volume or loudness knob always resulted in, say, half an acoustic watt reaching the listener, truly accurate loudness compensation would require some means of "telling" the system what it was playing.

Such a control was available a few years back, consisting of two knobs—one labelled "loudness" and the other, "volume." For each record, the loudness knob was set all the way up, and the volume knob adjusted to produce about the same intensity level from the speakers as the original sound source was judged to have produced. Listening level was then adjusted with the "loudness" control and—assuming that the initial settings were correct—compensation would then be automatically correct for the record in question.

As this method was only slightly more convenient than adjusting the bass control manually, and a bit more expensive, it seems to have disappeared. Perhaps the advent of stereo amplifiers with two bass controls to be adjusted equally may resurrect the two-knob loudness control; and then again, perhaps not.

However, absolute accuracy is seldom required of a loudness control, for it is mainly needed and used when the volume is well below normal listening levels and only being used as background. And *listening* to background music would defeat its purpose.

—IVAN B. BERGER.

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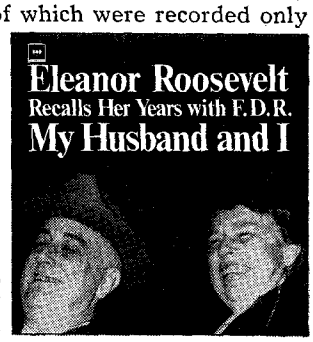

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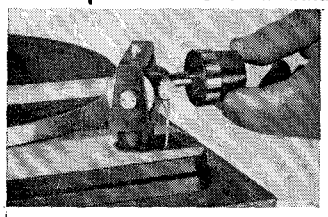

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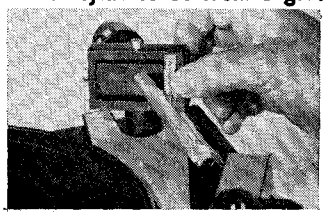

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MOSTLY MODERNISTS

Jackie McLean: Out But Not Far Out

THE CUSTOMARY HEADING of these comments, MOSTLY MODERNISTS, may seem fairly clear-cut. Obviously it refers to the jazz that began in the mid-Forties, the music of Charlie Parker, Dizzy Gillespie, and their followers, at first called "be bop" and later "modern jazz." It was once so controversial that it was declared by some to be no jazz at all, but it is now so firmly established that its surface devices may accompany the shenanigans of TV situation comedy or find their way into the most ordinary barroom blues.

Actually, modern jazz was never so revolutionary as it may have seemed. It offered no radical departures from the established procedures of jazz improvising—the players made their melodies, written and ad lib, in much the same way that their predecessors had. They simply used a different musical vocabulary. Nor was that vocabulary as radically different in harmony and melody as it has been made to seem. It was different in rhythm, however—it was logically evolutionary but it was different nevertheless.

But all that was twenty long years ago, and by now many of the more interesting young musicians have broken with the modernists. The new music, as you may know, has been called by some rather clumsy catch-phrases such as "the New Thing" or "Free Form Jazz." The breaks that its players make with tradition are no less evolutionary and logical than those of the modernists of the Forties, yet they may seem more radical. When Charlie Parker improvised on a standard popular song, he kept in mind its harmony and its musical phrases, and he followed them precisely and at a constant tempo, whether he was high-handed with its melody or not. So did Coleman Hawkins before him—and, for that matter, so did Sidney Bechet before *him*. But the New-Thing players are asking, "Do my variations have to follow pre-set outlines so rigidly? And must they all be made at the same tempo?" The answer to both questions is an obvious no. No concert composer would contend that a variation of an eight-bar phrase needs itself to be eight bars, nor that it needs itself to be delivered at the same tempo as the original.

But jazz players are not necessarily composers, and a great deal of what they do is extemporaneous. Furthermore, they perform in groups in which improvisation is collective as well as individual.

McLean—"sustained but never static performance."

Therefore the task such players undertake in spontaneously condensing a music phrase *en masse* or collectively shifting a tempo is formidable. Also formidable is the task of the soloist, for in being "free" he undertakes at the same time to improvise—sometimes without the help and protection of traditional guideposts. Perhaps the remarkable thing is not that some New-Thing players play well, but that they undertake the idiom at all.

I have implied that only the younger jazzmen are involved in this new kind of jazz, but some older players have indulged—Pee Wee Russell, for one. (Try his "Red Planet" on Columbia CL 1985.) But often such players are second-generation modernists whose basic vocabulary is dependent on Charlie Parker's, but who now undertake improvisations of less rigidly pre-set designs. Such a man is alto saxophonist Jackie McLean. And in *Destination . . . Out!* (Blue Note 4165) McLean has produced one of the most successful LPs I have ever heard from him.

No, I don't like that album title any better than I expect you do. Actually the recital is less adventurous than the title indicates—less so than a couple of McLean's other recent LPs, including his *Let Freedom Ring* (Blue Note 4106) and *One Step Beyond* (Blue Note 4173). But the latter have seemed to me a little unpleasantly forced, and I make the subjective confession that I then found McLean a player not fully sure he had come upon his own emotional truth and therefore protesting the harder.

On the new LP, a piece called "Esoteric" shifts from three-four to four-four

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time and also involves broken rhythms. "Riff Raff" is an unusually structured blues. And "Kahlil the Prophet" has a deliberately simple structure and, I fear, finds McLean a bit repetitious. "Love and Hate" is also structured so that the props for the soloists are simple, few, and far enough between to leave him more to his own devices than is customary. It is a sustained but never static performance despite its simple structure, its deliberate emotional dichotomy (indicated in the title), and the variety of contributions among the several soloists. The latter include trombonist Grachan Moncur III, whose efforts to break away from the pervasive influence of J. J. Johnson are admirable but still a little self-evident, and a vibraphonist named Bobby Hutcherson, who everywhere shows himself a strikingly personal and rhythmically interesting performer, frequently willing to do something simple when something simple will serve best.

Tenor saxophonist Archie Shepp has been extolled as a leading member of the ever-growing New York New-Thing underground. Most of us were first aware of Shepp a few years ago in a Cecil Taylor group, and Taylor's work was one of the first reasons we had for believing that there was going to be a New-Thing jazz. At that time Shepp was undertaking the note-spraying virtuosity of John Coltrane. Now on his first LP as a leader, he offers *Four for 'Trane* (Impulse A/AS 71), but less in the manner of the master than in a curious mélange of styles, old and new. On "Niema" Shepp adopts the ballad manner of Ben Webster. And on "Syeeda's Song Flute," there are touches of Webster, of Coltrane, of Ornette Coleman, and, predominantly, the bite-off-the-note-twist-it-and-spit-it-out manner of the current Sonny Rollins. On his own piece, "Rufus," there is perhaps the real Archie Shepp. The work owes something to Ornette Coleman in the writing and in the very freely structured improvising, but is in no sense derivative. And Shepp meets the challenge of the fast tempo with ample technique and with real and personal musical ideas.

The notes to Shepp's album are contributed by poet-playwright LeRoi Jones. Jones suggests that big business holds back the *avant garde* because it operates according to whim (not profit?); he hucksters with phrases like "so good, so deep, so satisfying" and "alone worth the price of this album"; and he defines chord changes as "here meaning, as younger musicians use that to mean 'modulations,'" a statement that is as reckless musically as it is grammatically.

—Martin Williams.

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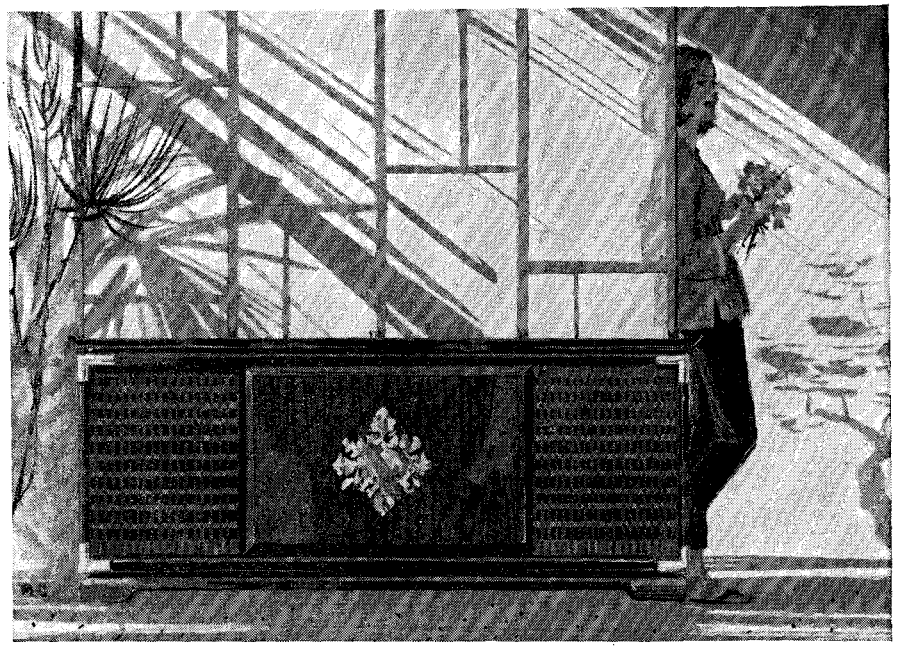

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

Allen, Amahl

I WONDER IF ANYONE has called your attention to a slight error in your reference to the first RCA Victor recording of *Amahl and the Night Visitors* [*SR*, Dec. 12], in which you mention Kirk Jordan as Amahl; it was in fact Chet Allen, who created the role in 1951.

Kirk Jordan was chosen for the part in 1956, if I remember correctly, and after a year or two I believe the performance was video-taped and re-run for several more years until the present new production.

Chet Allen and the other Amahls before Kirk Jordan were Columbus Boychoir boys, which is how I happen to be interested, as I was headmaster of the Columbus Boychoir School for five years before coming here in 1961.

T. ROBERT BASSETT,
Headmaster,
Friends Boys School.
Ramallah, Jordan

A Vote For Dance

TWO RECENT jazz album reviews by Stanley Dance [*SR*, Feb. 13] were very worthwhile. The two albums, one by the fine Woody Herman Herd (Philips), the other by the excellent Bob Brookmeyer-Clark Terry Quintet (Mainstream), deserve a permanent spot in every jazz buff's record collection.

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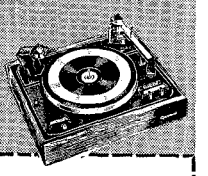

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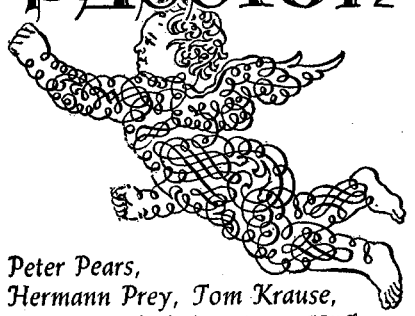

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Milwaukee, Wis.

A Teyte Disc

THOMAS HEINITZ, in his review of new English record releases [*SR*, Oct. 31], mentions a pressing of old Decca and BBC songs by Maggie Teyte. I can find no listing, so could you tell me the label and record number of this release?

WILLIAM E. HOUSTON.

Los Angeles, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: A new London release, Catalog number 5889.

In Re Van Vechten

IN THE PAST, *SR* has done noble salvage work for the *Songs of the Auvergne* and *Four Saints in Three Acts*. Won't the Recordings department now join forces with your literary section to bring about in paperback or hard binding a reprint of Carl Van Vechten's *Interpreters*?

I own a battered revised edition attributed to Knopf in 1920. This edition appraises Fremstad, Farrar, Garden, Chaliapin, Mariette Mazarin, America's first Elektra, Guilbert, and Nijinsky. I never saw any of these artists in performance, although four of the singers are beloved through recordings. But having read Van Vechten's descriptions of their work, I have felt for twenty years that each artist has been a friend. In particular, I could say it was through Van Vechten's writings of these titans of an earlier age that one better appraises the few remarkable performers of our own time.

JOHN WHITBECK CLARK.

New York, N.Y.

Concerning Conductors

GREGOR PIATIGORSKY'S delightful essay on conductors [*SR*, Jan. 30] will undoubtedly evoke a chorus of amens from the professional orchestral musicians of this country. I hope it will also stimulate a bit of thought by symphony board members and the public that attends and supports concerts.

There is another facet of the subject that should be mentioned. Unquestionably the very virulence of the well-known disease of batonitis is at least partly responsible for the growth in number of symphony orchestras in the U.S. The man who has the disease will usually move heaven and earth, often successfully, to get himself an orchestra to conduct, with the result that there are many orchestras that might not otherwise have come into existence, and communities that now have live symphonic music of greater or lesser quality. Considerable part-time employment of orchestral musicians is also a result. As these communities hear more and more live music there is the possibility and hope that they will develop the musical maturity and judgment necessary to distinguish the true conductor from the would-be and incompetent. . . .

Mr. Piatigorsky's essay might well be the opening shot in a campaign for better conducting in this country.

JOHN H. STEHN.

Portland, Ore.

Biography

Continued from page 16

than once, and thus stand ready to excise the much-tested truth that turns out to be error or invention.

The biographer attempting to make sense out of the imperfect paper trail, brooding over gaps and gabble, is like a man sitting at a bizarre play. He knows the "plot" and the cast of characters, and he understands substantially what is going to happen. His mission, however, is to report the drama in detail; of which the performance he is witnessing is a flawed and sometimes zany simulacrum.

Happenings explode on the stage without warning; happenings are prepared for and fail to occur; supporting players pop up with nothing to do and disappear into the wings when most needed. The protagonist is supposed to be always on stage; but he sometimes vanishes, even in the middle of a speech, or crawls into a corner when the script clearly calls for him to stand front and center, or exhibits inexplicable postures of agony or joy, or at a critical moment falls suddenly silent. Actions move toward a climax which is cut off by a descending curtain; important exchanges between characters take place behind the furniture; and on occasion the subsidiary actors maliciously mask the protagonist and carry on a Hamletless *Hamlet*.

ANOTHER of the great biographical problems is the management of time. A novel usually pictures only a segment of life; the novelist shuttles forward and backward in time in order to enrich that segment; the fictional character is a creature of the novelist's time. But a person is a creature of actual time; we must be able to share with him not only the grand human chronology of growth, maturity, death, but also lesser patterns of sequential experience, small, half-hidden accumulations of behavior from which emerge new tendrils of relationship between the man and the world in which he lived.

Yet biography is the simulation, not the ledger book, of an existence. The biographer cannot reproduce the actual concatenation of events. His subject may, over a period of months, be developing a dozen different themes of experience; if the biographer attempts to thread the tangle of details day by day out of which these experiences are being built he will conjure up chaos. He must thrust into the reader's ears the noisy cross-currents of man's passage through time; but if he is to make that passage intelligible he must do violence to time: the clutter of events will be cut away, happenings scattered through years will be grouped, in order to reveal underlying currents.

Certain continuing sounds in the "buzz and hum" of daily life—a hobby, an eccentricity of diet, a habitual inability to stay awake at lectures, a desultory friendship too important to omit but insufficiently substantial to be woven through—will almost of necessity be grouped arbitrarily and brought into the narrative when the biographer's ear tells him that the moment has struck. The chief purpose of "groupings," however, is to elicit—but not to diagram—the master themes of a life: patterns of hopes and illusions, preoccupations, fears, rhythmic movements of character discernible in the diurnal stream of existence, grand designs of personality expressed as behavior.

Yet thematic groupings cannot be permitted to block or deform the sweep of chronology, the sequential heartbeat of a life, the "faring onward" of our tragicomic journey. They cannot be deployed like the topics of an expository essay—exposition is the enemy of biography, dead tissue cumbering a living organism. They must suggest a life moving through time, not the writer's capacity for tidiness. James Parton, the first professional American biographer, put the matter practically: "A good thing is twice as good if it comes in at the right place."

Suetonius and Plutarch, working in the narrow compass of sketch, or profile, developed a biographical mode in which thematic grouping and the unfolding of time interpenetrated each other in a stylized arrangement of life materials. Certain present-day biographers have sauced the device of "grouping" with psychoanalysis and novelistic legerdemain as if human chronology were as boneless as an oyster and a man's life so much mud to be arbitrarily patted into cakes.

The absence, or the prevalence, of witnesses, gaps, and traps in the paper

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Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1128

With someone who holds nothing but trumps, it is impossible to play cards. —HEBBEL.

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trail, the management of time, and the eliciting of patterns are some of the most difficult challenges confronting a biographer. I will mention but one more, the problem of balancing the time viewpoint of the subject and the time viewpoint of the biographer. It is easy to see that what is the unknown future for the subject is the well-known past for the biographer; and it is easy to say that the biographer must use the advantage of this difference but, at the same time, not take advantage of it.

In practice, however, the distinction between recreating and commenting on a life is not so easy to respect. And the distinction is one that must be dealt with at the most critical moments in the life, the moments of decision, the moment when career takes a turn or love takes a wife, the moment when character is simultaneously illustrated and reshaped by a choice of action or attitude. These are the moments, sometimes not simple to detect, that mark the true stages of existence, the determining and determinate climaxes summing up the past and giving birth to the future, the moments when, as Carlyle pointed out, a man (and his biographer) discovers what he is in what he does.

INEVITABLY, then, the biographer seeks to choose, in the welter of psychological-physical happenings leading toward such a moment, those elements that will be crucial in the subject's decision, as, after the moment, he must bring into the foreground those elements that show the working out of the decision. To such an extent the biographer, thanks to his vantage point in time, can comment upon the life.

But biographers are sometimes tempted to comment overtly on the decision itself, before it is made, after it is made, even as it is being made. They shout at Napoleon that he must not send Grouchy in pursuit of Blucher, at Hamilton that he had better steer clear of Burr, at James that it is idle for him to attempt the drama.

If the biographer is to create the sense of a life being lived, he cannot leap from his own time into his subject's time to nudge the poor man in the ribs or make faces at his deliberations, like Faustus playing tricks on the Pope. The grand dimension of every man's life is the opacity of the future. The biographer, if he has foresight, will exercise the willing suspension of hindsight.

Biography attempts the simulation, in words, of a man's life, from what is known about that life, from the paper trail, the enigmatic footprint. Thus it differs from other literary arts. They seek to evoke reality from illusion; biography hopes to fasten illusion upon reality, to elicit, from the coldness of paper, the warmth of a life being lived.

Schönberg

Continued from page 49

to paint a picture of the weeping willow. The song has three verses, of which the first and the third are in folksong mood, set in A minor, while the second verse, which describes the weeping of the willow, is more complex in its melody and more chromatic in its accompaniment, and is hinting at future developments.

In the song *Vorfrühling* (text by Heyse), commencing with the words "Stürme brausten durch die Nacht, und die kahlen Wipfel tropften," it is interesting to observe the young composer at work. The first line, which is afterward crossed out, begins with an introduction for the piano, where the description of the storm is given to the left hand. Then Schönberg begins a second time, makes changes in the rhythm, and takes the description of the storm to the right hand of the piano accompaniment.

In the message that Schönberg sent out to his friends on his seventy-fifth birthday, bearing the title "Erst nach seinem Tode anerkannt werden" (to be recognized only after his death), he speaks of his life as an artist:

> For many years I have resigned myself to the fact that I cannot hope for a full and appreciative understanding for my work—for what I have to say as a musician. . . . I know that some of my friends feel already at home in my world of music and appreciate my thoughts. They may fulfil what I have said aphoristically thirty-seven years ago: The second half of this century will ruin by overestimation what the first half left good in me by underestimation.

And the composer asks this question:

> Is it so natural that in face of opposition of the whole world one does not capitulate but continues to write down what one produces?

Schönberg compares himself with the masters of music before him:

> I don't know how the masters felt about it. Mozart and Schubert were young enough not to have to approach this question. But Beethoven, when Grillparzer called the Ninth Symphony confused, or Richard Wagner, when the plan of Bayreuth had no chance of realization, or Mahler, when everybody called his music trivial—how could they continue?

He finds this answer:

> I know only one answer: they had things to say which had to be said.

Schönberg ends his reflections with a confession of sardonic humor:

> Once in the Army I was asked whether I really was that composer Arnold Schönberg. I said: Somebody had to be Arnold Schönberg, nobody wanted to be, so I volunteered.

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(Continued on page 70)

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VACATIONS

(Continued from page 69)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1616

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

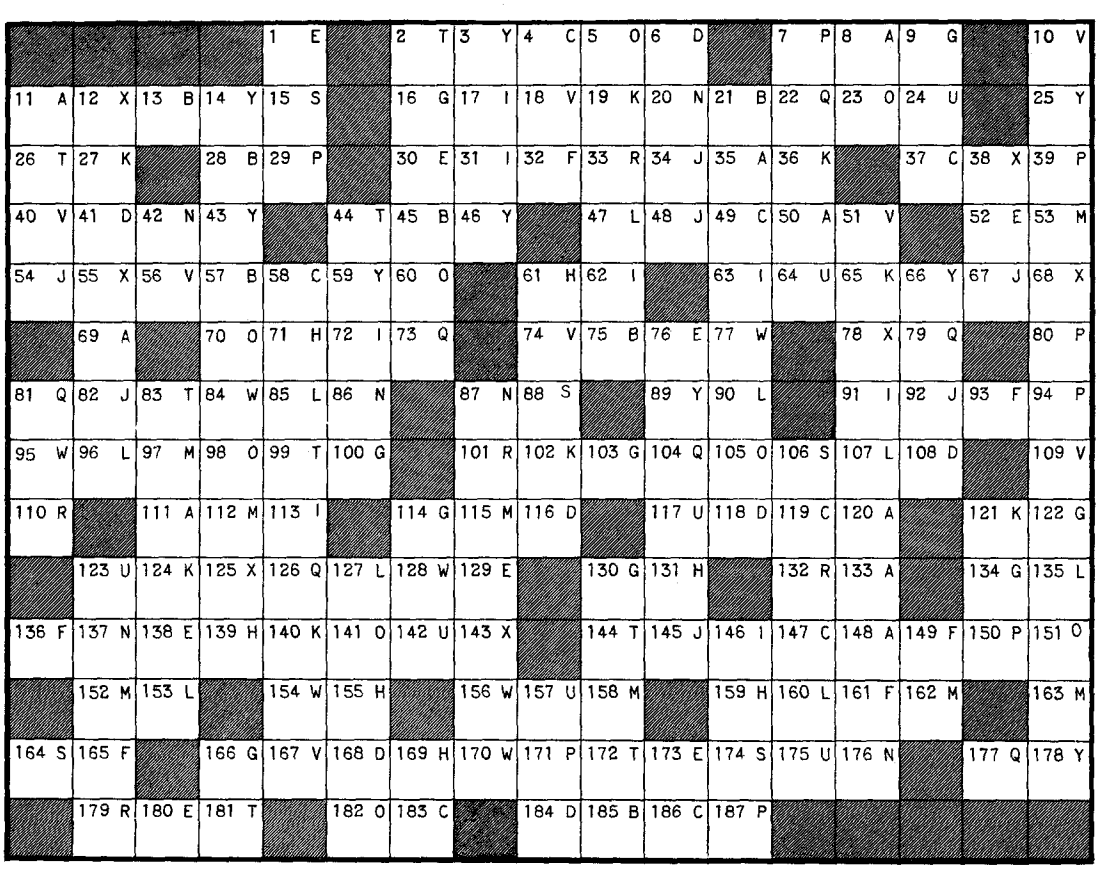
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Activities of pleasure seekers after dark (2 wds.)	148 11 111 8 120 50 69 133 35
B. Octaves in music.	75 45 57 185 13 28 21
C. One term for Chicago, Gary, Cleveland, or Buffalo (2 wds.)	58 186 4 147 119 183 49 37
D. Copiously dotted over.	168 184 41 6 108 118 116
E. Marriage late in life.	180 76 52 1 129 173 30 138
F. Familiar contraction denying necessity for action.	32 93 136 149 161 165
G. Something attached to a greater and usually more important, often similar, thing.	130 103 16 134 122 166 114 100 9
H. Packets of tough paper leaves in which gold is first beaten into sheets.	159 71 139 169 61 155 131
I. Homonym of a meal; went by again.	17 62 146 31 63 72 91 113
J. Ordinary, often implying general conformity.	48 92 145 54 82 34 67
K. Condition of the married woman.	27 65 19 102 140 121 124 36
L. Pertaining to Faenza, Italy.	90 160 135 107 85 96 127 153 47
M. Shouldn't (2 wds., often followed by to).	152 158 163 97 53 115 112 162
N. Shaggy; having rough edges.	137 87 42 86 20 176

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Separate.	182 98 60 70 23 141 105 5 151
P. One who busies himself with trifles.	80 171 7 187 150 94 29 39
Q. Residential suburb of Detroit, which sounds like Scribbler's Haven.	177 79 126 22 73 104 81
R. The blind flower girl, a leading character in *Last Days of Pompeii.*	110 179 101 132 33
S. Moves by little and little; borders.	15 106 174 164 88
T. Good advice about what to put "into the hand of God" as quoted by King George VI in a Christmas broadcast, 1939 (2 wds.)	83 26 181 172 44 2 99 144
U. Men employed for wages, often highly skilled artificers.	123 157 24 117 64 175 142
V. Science of housekeeping.	40 167 74 18 10 109 56 51
W. Condition of bearing a name (said of documents, publications, etc.).	170 128 156 154 84 77 95
X. Punishment "on the land" by the Lord, for the people's laziness and neglect, acc'g to the prophet Haggai.	68 125 78 55 143 38 12
Y. Mollusks, crustaceans, *Lactophrys*, et al.	46 25 59 14 66 178 89 3 45

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 11 of this issue.

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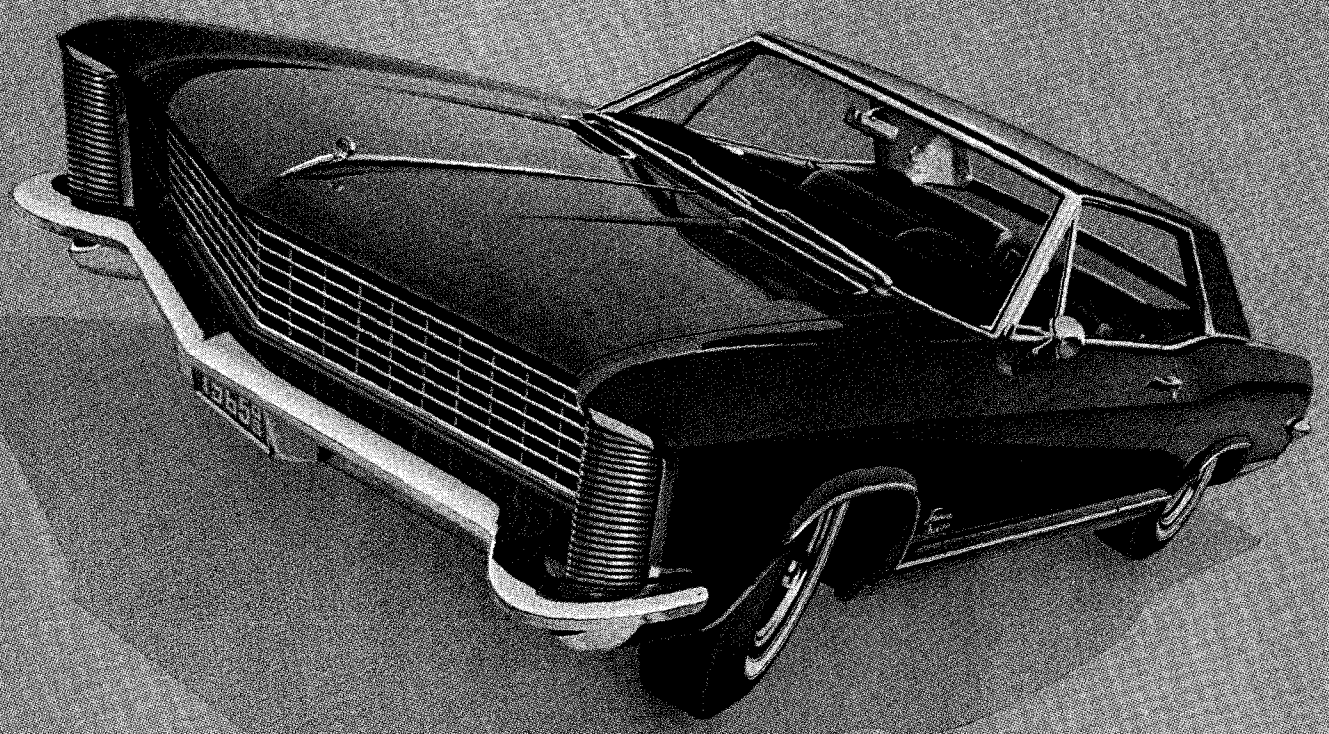
The Riviera with muscles on its muscles. New Riviera Gran Sport.



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